*Photo* *Bassano.*

Who art thou, maiden, draped so gracefully,
Around whose head the flowers delight to cling?
Irene, in some vale of Arcady
Wending her way at sunrise to the spring?

A Grecian Phyllis tripping to the well
For whom her lovelorn Strephon vainly sighs,
Yet feels his manly bosom proudly swell,
And glads him, at the glances from her eyes?

No fair Laconian lily, tall and pale,
Compels our homage by her classic grace;
Instead, to break the heart of every male,
An English girl displays her dainty face.



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*By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond Street, London, W.*

**"NOBODY ASKED YOU, SIR," SHE SAID.**

*From the painting by E. Blair Leighton.*

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# YOUNG STAGERS

## CYRIL SMITH.

*A Promising Boy-Actor.*

Notice the firm, steady pose of Master Cyril Smith, for it is typical of the boy himself. A very smart actor is Master Cyril, and he has in his time drawn upon him the admiring eyes of Royalty.

When understudying Master Vyvian Thomas in "The Wilderness," Master Smith used to pass Marlborough House every night, accompanied by his nurse and his white dogs, "Spot" and "Nipper," on the way to the St. James' Theatre. It was in the summer, and King Edward, then Prince of Wales, used often to drive out, and Cyril used to watch for him, so that he could bow. The Prince got to recognise him, so one evening, when the Princess was with him, he drew her attention to Cyril, and she gave him a smile "for his very own."

*Photo* *Ellis & Walery*

*Photo* *Hana.*

## PHILIP TONGE.

*A Clever Son of Clever Parents.*

Philip Tonge is the clever son of Mr. Henry Asheton Tonge and his charming wife, better known as Miss Lillian Brennard, both of whom have distinguished themselves on the stage.

Master Tonge, there is not the slightest doubt, has inherited the talents of his clever parents, for he is already a successful actor. He played Joseph in "The Eternal City" after only one rehearsal, and created the part of Donald in "The Unfairy Princess."

He has played at least four times before Royalty, and is altogether quite a famous young man.

When playing in "Little Mary," he had to lie in a little wooden bed attached to the wall, and receive chocolates thrown to him by Mr. John Hare.

Philip didn't mind having to lie in the bed so long as he got the chocolates.

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*Photo* *Wm. Whiteley, Ltd.*

## DOLLY & MADGE McCALLA.

*Two Talented Children.*

These two clever sisters have already made names for themselves on the stage.

Owing to a change in the cast at the Newcastle Royal Theatre Pantomime last year, Dolly, the elder, was called upon to play the part of the Boy Babe in "Babes in the Wood." Within thirty hours of receiving a telephone message in London, she had committed the part to memory and played it.

Dolly's younger sister, Madge, is champion juvenile step and sand dancer of the world, and has won nine open competitions.

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*Photos* *Langfier.*

## MASTER GARRATT.

*"The Little Stranger."*

London has quite taken Master Edward Garratt (The Little Stranger) to her mighty heart. Though he is not, of course, the infant he appears on the stage, he is surprisingly small for sixteen, and still speaks in a childish treble, which is not expected ever to develop into a bass. To give an idea of his size, he can go comfortably into a motor-coat pocket, or into a swinging Moorish lamp. He is the most spruce little man in the world, and shows a quite exceptional ability in mastering his parts.

He is not encouraged to smoke cigarettes when off the stage, so that he will have a chance of growing bigger if Nature so wills it.

Perhaps he will make more money by remaining as he is.

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*Photo* *Dover Street Studios.*

## PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

*The Younger of Two Clever Sisters.*

Never was a young girl more madly enthusiastic for stage work than Phyllis Monkman, aged 14. Her father says, a little testily, that she will hardly spare the time for her meals.

She is now one of the "Chippy Girls" in "The Belle of Mayfair," where her ability as a speciality dancer stands her in good stead.

Some time ago she took the title-rôle in "Red Riding Hood," at Glasgow, when an Inspector, under the impression that she was under age, talked of stopping her from playing.

Happily for poor Phyllis, this blow from the Law's stern arm did not fall after all.

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*Photo* *Campbell-Gray.*

## DECIMA BROOKE.

### *A Promising Stage Recruit.*

Decima Brooke is a very winning little girl, who appeared at the Coliseum. "I am so lonely, Life is so drear," sung in her delightfully childish treble, never failed to charm the audience. She is also a clever exponent of what are known as buck, dainty, and doll dancing.

She is very self-possessed, and willingly gave samples of these three kinds of dancing for the benefit of the interviewer, in addition to singing over a few bars of her song.

Her services were so much in demand that the management fetched her from home daily in a motor-car, at a cost to themselves of £10 a week.

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*Photo* *Dover Street Studios.*

## IRIS HAWKINS.

*As Derek in "His House in Order."*

Iris Hawkins has delightful golden hair, but, alas! it has to be screwed up under a boy's wig, for she generally plays boys' parts.

She has endeared herself to all London during the last three years in "Little White Barbara," "The Fairy's Dilemma," "Everybody's Secret," and now in "His House in Order."

Iris has a lucky necklace, given her by Mr. W. S. Gilbert when she was playing in "The Fairy's Dilemma," and she never "goes on" unless it is clasped round her neck. "But I have to tuck it under my coat, because boys don't wear necklaces," she said. Whenever she appears in a new piece, a twelve-year-old poet-admirer sends her a set of verses.

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*Photo* *Hana.*

## ELSA MOXTER.

*From U.S.A.*

**Pretty little Elsa Moxter is not English. She first saw light in the United States, and made her first appearance when only five years old, in her native city of St. Louis.**

**Elsa's first part in England was that of a midshipmite in a pantomime. She won the hearts of the audience from the outset by her dainty dancing, and scored a great triumph. She has been a mimic and dancer almost from infancy.**

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## MOLLIE MOORE.

*A Delightful Dollie.*

Little Miss Mollie Moore first rose to fame in "Bluebell in Fairyland," when the piece was originally produced.

She was dressed as a doll, and brought on to the stage in a box, which was subsequently unpacked in full view of the audience.

After having been unpacked, Mollie sang a little song in her clear, childish voice, which won her roars of applause.

Every night she was encored, and every night she enchanted the audience with her pretty, doll-like ways.

"I wasn't a bit afraid," said Miss Moore, with a charming smile. "Everyone was very kind to me, and it was so jolly to be a doll."

*Photo, Ellis & Walery.*

*Photo* *Ellis & Walery.*

## GWENDOLINE BROGDEN.

*A Sweet Singer.*

Few singers have had such an overwhelming initial success as Miss Gwendoline Brogden.

At her very first concert, given under the auspices of Mrs. Arthur Wilson at her town house, she made no less than £400.

After that, Gwendoline played Roxalana in "Masks and Faces," in company with Miss Muriel Wilson, Mrs. Tree, and Mr. Paul Rubens. The performance took place at Hull, and was for the benefit of soldiers and sailors.

In the garret scene in "Masks and Faces," Roxalana and Triplet, her father, eat a pie. Gwendoline created great amusement by asking for a second helping of the pie.

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*Photo* *Ellis & Walery.*

## DOROTHY FROSTICK.

*A Dainty Dancer.*

Little Dorothy Frostick is so quaint and knowing a child that George Edwardes lay back in his chair and roared with laughter when she bearded him in his den for a part.

She is already an accomplished toe dancer, after the style of the great Adeline Genée.

She was the original Will of the Wisp in "Blue Bell," with Mr. Seymour Hicks, and is the youngest actress who has ever been given a benefit performance. This was in consequence of the extraordinary success she achieved when the play was at Liverpool.

She is at present undergoing a stiff course of elocution, as she wants to be an all-round actress.

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# A Deal in Pigs

*The Story of a Vicar and his Churchwarden.*

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"Well, Vicar," said Ezra Stubbings, as he stood gazing at the parson's pigs, "I must say as they do ye credit—that they do. You've taken pains with them pigs—to—be—sure!"

"Um, well, my man sees to them mostly," replied the Vicar of Little Marplethorpe, a tall, thin, elderly man, with slight side-whiskers, who looked anything but a pig-breeder, "and I shall be glad to sell them if you want them, Stubbings."

The farmer gave another long look at the animals, poked one of them meditatively, and then said slowly:

"I don't know as I want 'em particular, but to oblige you, Mr. Pinkley, I don't mind asking you how much you want for 'em."

"What would you be inclined to offer?" asked the Vicar.

"Well, that depends," replied the farmer, who had begun a complicated problem of mental arithmetic, based upon the latest quotations and his own conjectures as to the standard of the parson's simplicity, "what are you asking for 'em, Mr. Pinkley?"

"Well, I hardly know. I'm not very experienced in the prices of farmyard stock. What are pigs fetching just now? I want to make the best I can out of them, of course. Suppose I leave it to you to make an offer?"

This was, of course, what Farmer Stubbings wanted. A long period of silence followed, during which he figured out the greatest amount of profit he could make over the deal, having regard to his position as Vicar's churchwarden, and the likelihood of Mr. Pinkley ultimately discovering the market price of the day. At length he said:

"Well, Vicar, I'll deal with you as I would with any other man ('any other parson' he ought to have said). I'll give you eight shillings a score if I can have the lot."

"Um—ah," replied the Vicar, whose mind was very unenlightened, "yes—I suppose that's quite a fair price. You ought to know, Stubbings. Certainly—if you think that's all I can get, you may have them."

"There's no one in the village would give you more. Likely 'twould be less. Pigs ain't fetching much now."

"Very well, then. When do you want them?"

The farmer considered again. It was just as well to let the Vicar keep them in food till the last moment.

"I'll send for 'em on Friday afternoon, Vicar, and as soon as I know what they weigh you shall have the money. Glad to be able to do you a service. Good-day, Vicar!"

Pigs in Berkshire and neighbouring counties are sold by the "score," that is, twenty pounds weight. An expert dealer can generally judge within a few pounds of the weight by simple observation. In the present instance it was the intention of the farmer to dispose of them to

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a butcher the following market-day; the correct weight would, in that case, be ascertained after killing, and the double transaction be settled accordingly.

Ezra Stubbings departed, chuckling inwardly over his bargain, and in high good humour with himself. In the matter of "besting the parson" there was nought of conscience-smiting. It was the parson's business to preach, not to breed pigs. If a man went out of his proper sphere and province it was only meet that others should take advantage of his transgression.

That night, in the cosy little bar-parlour of the "White Lion," Farmer Stubbings sat smoking his pipe. Opposite to him was Jim Martin—of the same profession. Conversation proceeded slowly, with long intervals.

"Going in to Worpledon market Saturday, Ezra?" asked Martin presently. They always used Christian names in Little Marplethorpe.

"Ah!" replied Stubbings in the local affirmative.

"Taking any stock in?"

"Ah!"

"Bullocks?"

"Pigs."

There was a long pause, during which Martin was turning over in his mind the possibilities as to where Stubbings had obtained the said pigs. Presently he asked:

"Where did ye get 'em?"

"Bought 'em off the parson," replied Stubbings, knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

"Oh," said the other, "then you're going to make a bit, Ezra!"

"I gave parson what I thought they were worth, Jim," replied Stubbings evasively.

"Then 'twasn't much, I'll be bound—not if you heard the news this morning."

"What's that?" asked Stubbings, more sharply than he had yet spoken, and stopping suddenly in the act of filling his pipe.

"Why, there's a big fall in pigs. Too many of 'em on hand. They were only fetching seven-and-ninepence a score at Langford this morning, and 'tis thought they're bound to drop fourpence or sixpence by Saturday. I sold most o' mine last week, and I'm glad I did."

Ezra Stubbings' face was a study. For a moment or two he sat open-mouthed and speechless. Then he said:

"Why, I bid parson eight shillings a score!"

**Ezra Stubbings departed, chuckling.**

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"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Jim Martin, . . and shook his fat sides.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Jim Martin, as he took a pull of beer and shook his fat sides. "Parson's got the best o' the churchwarden this time! Ho, ho, ho! Eight shillings a score! Have 'ee paid him yet, Ezra?"

"No, Jim. But I can't go back on it now. I don't see as I can. How was I to know the price had dropped since last night?"

"I thought better of ye, Ezra," said Martin. "A deal with parson, too! Lord, but how folks will chuckle over it when it gets about!"

What Ezra Stubbings remarked in the depth of his pint mug is unrecordable—except by the angel on duty.

"I'd give a sovereign to get off the bargain without parson knowing why," he remarked.

"I daresay. 'Twouldn't be dear at five sovereigns, I reckon!"

There was another pause. Then Jim Martin rose to go. As he did so he said:

"How about those rams, Ezra? I said I'd give you four pound apiece for the three of 'em."

"They don't go for a penny under five guineas, Jim," replied Stubbings decidedly; "I told you so before."

Jim Martin stood for a minute cogitating. Then he said:

"Tell 'ee what, Ezra. If parson asks to be let off his bargain to-morrow morning, will you take four guineas for them?"

"What are you agoin' to do? *You* won't give him more for them pigs?"

"Never you mind, Ezra. Is it a bargain?"

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"'Twon't come off. But if it is, *yes!*"

"All right, then," replied Martin as he went out, a broad grin on his face.

The next morning a tap came at the Vicar's study door.

"Mr. Martin, sir."

"Come in, Martin—a nice morning."

"Good-morning, sir. Sorry to disturb you."

"Don't mention it. Take a seat," said the Vicar, as he pushed aside on his table an array of bills that had rather been disheartening him. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Vicar," replied the farmer, as he sat on the edge of a chair and turned his hat awkwardly, "I just dropped in to see if you'd any pigs for sale."

"Dear me, dear me! I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Martin, but you're a day after the fair. I sold them all to Stubbings only yesterday." Martin's face fell.

"Oh, 'tis no use, then," he said. "Now I want pigs badly. I wonder if Stubbings would sell some of 'em to me. I'll go up to his farm and have a look at 'em."

"As a matter of fact," said the Vicar, "he hasn't sent for them yet. They're still here."

Five minutes later Jim Martin was leaning over a fence, gazing earnestly and admiringly at those same pigs.

"Well," he said slowly, and almost reverently, "they're the best pigs I've seen this year! Ezra Stubbings might well have bought the lot—I don't wonder at it. If I'd ha' known a few days before he shouldn't ha' had 'em, though. Fine fat 'uns, they are, too! I'd ha' bid nine shillings a score for 'em, Vicar!"

"Nine shillings a score!" began the Vicar, and then stopped short just in time to prevent his tongue exposing his churchwarden, and his opinion of the latter going down several pegs. "Oh!"

"Well, good-morning, sir," said the farmer suddenly, turning to go. "I mustn't take up your time. Let me know when you've any more to sell."

The rest of the story lies in the following documents:

The Vicarage,
Little Marplethorpe.
Sept. 19.

DEAR STUBBINGS,

I think it only right to point out to you that since you bought my pigs yesterday I have been informed that they are worth nine shillings a score, according to the market price of the day; in fact, I might almost go so far as to say that I was offered that amount for them. As I trusted you implicitly in the matter, knowing that you are considered a competent judge of the value of live-stock, I feel bound to say that I feel very much annoyed to think that, apparently, you have taken advantage of my ignorance. I am, of course, willing to ascribe it to an error, if you can explain it, but as it now stands I candidly confess that I look upon it in the light of an injury, and am surprised and grieved to think that my churchwarden could have acted in this manner.

Yours very truly,
SAMUEL PINKLEY.

Gray's Farm,
Little Marplethorpe.
Sept. 19.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter to hand. I am surprised and sorry to think that you should imagine I had tried to get the better of you over those pigs. I offered you a fair price, but if you think you can get more you are at liberty to do so. For, after what you have said, I shouldn't like to have them. I bought them to oblige you, and I'll give up the bargain to oblige you, too.

Yours truly,
EZRA STUBBINGS.

The Vicarage,
Little Marplethorpe.
Sept. 19.

DEAR MARTIN,

Since you were here this morning there has been an alteration in the transaction I mentioned between Stubbings and myself. He will not be taking the pigs after all. I shall, therefore, be pleased to dispose of them to you at the price you offered—nine shillings a score.

Yours very truly,
SAMUEL PINKLEY.

The Elms,
Little Marplethorpe.
Sept. 19.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your letter and kind offer of the pigs. I am afraid, however, that I shall be unable to buy them now, as, knowing you had sold them, I was obliged to make other arrangements.

Yours truly,
JAMES MARTIN.

Received of Mr. James Martin the sum of Twelve Guineas (£12 12s.) for three Wiltshire Rams.
EZRA STUBBINGS.

September 19.

The Vicarage,
Little Marplethorpe.
Oct. 3.

MY DEAR STUBBINGS,

I am afraid I spoke to you rather hastily this morning. Please think no more of what I said. I perfectly understand that the price of pigs is constantly fluctuating, and, upon consideration, I will accept your offer of seven-and-threepence a score. I much regret, in every way, that our original transaction fell through, although, strangely enough, it was neither your fault nor mine.

Yours very truly,
SAMUEL PINKLEY.

Extract from the *Worpledon Advertiser* of October 9th:

Saturday's market showed a sharp advance in the price of pigs, which were much in demand. As much as nine-and-twopence a score was offered before the market closed.

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# GRETNA GREEN.

I.

On we go, in the fresh of the morning; sweet is the wind, and clear;
The hunters hurry, a league behind—they're out of the race, I fear;
Neck and neck our horses travel, galloping on in style.
For straight is the road to Gretna Green, and we'll cover it, every mile.

Ride—ride—ride—in the cool of the morning dew—
At Gretna Gates the blacksmith waits, with a welcome smile for you.
And there, by the glow of the forge, where none his words gainsay,
With little ado, he'll wed us two, and make us one for aye.
And then let the hunters come as they may—
'Twere fitting to wait for them there, I ween—
So, hand in hand, by the forge we'll stand,
And bid them a welcome to Gretna Green.

II.

Down yonder hill, with whip and spur, they make a bid for game.
But—why does your mare go slow, sweetheart?—by all the Fates, she's lame!
Then up with you quick—no time to lose—my horse must bear us twain;
Don't fear—there is silver to every cloud, and a turn to every lane.

So, ride—ride—ride, &c., &c.

III.

Steadily galloping on we go, through the summer morning bright,
And what of our bold pursuers now?—there's never a one in sight.
Well, "only the brave deserve the fair"—and this is true, I ween;
For I've carried you off, despite them all—and yonder's Gretna Green!

So, ride—ride—ride, &c., &c.

J. Anthony McDonald.

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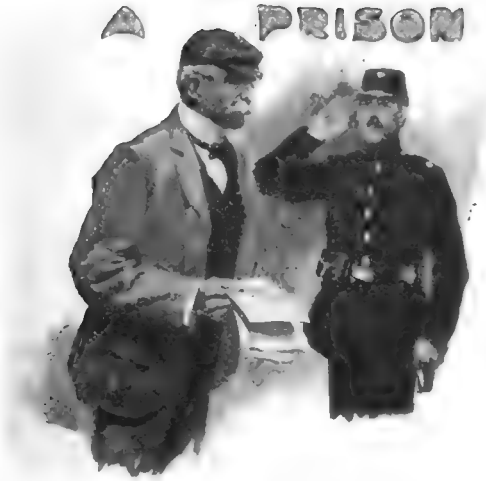
# A PRISON GOVERNOR'S DAY



*A Glance at his Thousand and One Duties and Responsibilities.*

By "O. H. M. S."

"THE ruler of the prison is the governor," wrote a gentleman who was brought against his will into touch with several officials such as myself, "who is usually, but not necessarily, a retired military or naval man, but who has previously gained long experience in the rank of deputy-governor. He wields almost absolute power within the prison, all his subordinates being required to yield him implicit obedience, they having no authority except what they derive from him, and no responsibility except to him.

"The governor himself, however, is responsible to the prison directors—a specially appointed body forming a branch of the Home Office under the Secretary of State—and is strictly bound by the Home Office regulations. These form, as it were, the constitution of the prison, and have the force of law.

"Thus, though nominally an autocrat, the governor is, in reality, subject to several checks, the most effective of which are, firstly, the regulations; secondly, the prison directors; and, thirdly, the visiting magistrates. If he exceeds his powers under the regulations in the smallest degree, he can be made to answer for it, since every officer and convict has the right to petition the Secretary of State, and to make any complaint he pleases to the directors, who are altogether independent of the governor."

It will therefore be seen that a prison governor holds a responsible position, and is expected to carry out his duties as strictly as any subordinate, with this important difference: any dereliction or mistake may be visited upon his head in a far more serious way than it would be in the case of a lesser official.

Aroused by the same bell which calls the convicts from their beds at ten minutes past five every morning, I slip out from between the sheets, and, on this bright May morning, thoroughly enjoy a cold "tub," and make my not too elaborate toilet.

The residence assigned to me, which the rules say I shall occupy, is, like those of most of the other officials, situated in the grounds attached to the prison, but not within its walls. From my window I can see the broad, neatly-kept walk leading to the prison gates. I recognise many of the officers as they hurry to their various duties, for it is now within a few minutes of half-past five, at which hour the warders must be at their posts.

When I pass the gate-keeper at a quarter

It is the governor's duty to examine and sample the food provided for the convicts' break'ast.

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to six, and walk through the prison to satisfy myself that all the officers are in their respective places, I find slop-collecting is almost over. This duty is performed by convict orderlies, two men in charge of a warder marching with a large pail between them along each ward. The officer unlocks a cell door, and the prisoner, who is standing just inside, empties his slops into the pail as the officer passes, the door being immediately closed again.

Before I have finished my round, the serving of breakfast is in full swing. I take the opportunity of examining the bread and gruel intended for the convicts' consumption. Those men who have served a certain part of their sentences are given a pint of tea instead of gruel, if they prefer it, and this beverage I also taste.

As I complete my round, the warders are

Four times a day every convict is "rubbed down" —that is, a warder passes his hands all over the prisoner to insure that he has nothing concealed in his clothing.

double-locking the cell doors, and departing to have their own breakfasts at their respective quarters, leaving one of their number on duty in each ward as a patrol. At this I begin to think that my morning meal would not be at all out of place, and I return to my house to dispatch it. There is nothing like "the breath of the early morn" for giving one an appetite, and I do the meal full justice.

Every week-day at 7 a.m. the convicts are marched from their cells to the chapel by the warders, who have returned to duty ten minutes previous to that hour. These early services are short, and I am expected to be present in any case, in order to see that the subordinate officers attend as directed by the rules.

This morning, as it happens, the chaplain is unavoidably prevented from attending. He having notified me, I take his place in the reading of the prayers, according to the regulations. It is an exceptional thing, however, for me to do so. If the chaplain's assistant were not away on a holiday I should not have been called upon.

The service only lasts for a quarter of an hour, when the men march out of chapel, and are taken to the various parade grounds. On my way to my office, I pause for a few moments to see a party of the convicts being "rubbed down." This "rubbing down" is really a process of rapid searching. The men are formed up in rows, and unbutton their "slops," coats, and waistcoats, holding out their caps in one hand and their handkerchiefs in the other.

As they stand thus, the officers in charge pass their hands over the body and limbs of the convicts. It would be a very tiny object that would escape the touch of such experts as the warders become in time. The searching process, by the way, is performed four times a day.

This morning nothing is found, and the party, having resumed its normal sartorial appearance, is marched off to work, and I go to my office for the next duty of the day.

In the corridor outside my room, awaiting my coming, are drawn up four men in charge of warders. They are convicts whose time is about to expire, and who are on the eve of regaining their liberty.

One by one these men are brought in to me as I sit at my desk, and I go through the formality of announcing their pending early release, telling each exactly how, when, and where this will take place. I inform them the amount of cash they will be entitled to draw on going out, and give them a few words of advice.

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Three of the men mutter thanks; the fourth is surly, and growls something indistinguishable and probably of an uncomplimentary nature. I am constantly in communication with discharged prisoners' aid societies with regard to looking after the future of these men, and I tell this particular individual that, if he wishes it, he will be put in the way of earning an honest living.

But he does not appear interested.

A matter of far greater importance to him is the amount of cash he is entitled to draw on his release, and he seems overjoyed to learn that he will possess about £4 on the morning of his departure as a free man. Then and then only does he mumble something like "thank you, sir," and he is taken back to his cell. Poor beggar, he has been in prison for nearly eight years, his sentence having been for ten.

I find a number of letters in a special basket on my table addressed to, and some written by, the convicts in my charge. These already bear the official mark informing me that the addressees and writers are entitled, according to the conditions regulating the correspondence of prisoners, to receive the incoming letters or to dispatch others to friends.

After four months of a sentence have expired, the prisoner of good conduct is allowed to communicate with friends through the post. Ultimately the interval, according to the character of the convict, is reduced to one month for writing and receiving a letter. There are also special occasions when he is allowed the same privilege, such as on the death of a relative, or to make arrangements, on his approaching discharge, for obtaining employment.

The better-class individuals always eagerly seize these opportunities to write and receive letters. There are other convicts, however, who do not seem to care whether they have any communication from the outside world or not.

Others, again, through lack of education, are frequently incapable of putting their thoughts on paper. I have in my time seen many queer productions written by prisoners and called "letters" by them.

Not long ago, I read a "letter," written by a prisoner to his relatives, which was almost altogether composed of a copy of the entire exhortation from the prayer-book: "Dearly beloved brethren," etc., rendered grotesque by bad spelling and personal interpolations.

Knowing that he is entitled to write a letter, posted free of charge, a prisoner longs to take advantage of the boon, but, owing to it being an almost impossible task for him to put together even a few coherent words in the form of a message, his only alternative is to scrawl something from memory, or to copy a few lines from one of the books in his cell, which he signs with his name.

One of the convict's greatest privileges is permission to write letters to his friends. With the best of intentions, he often turns out very poor epistles.

Having scrutinised the correspondence—a rather tiresome job owing, in most instances, to poor writing, worse orthography, and almost interminable slang, often requiring proper interpretation from an authority—I scribble my initials on some and replace them in the basket for dispatch or distribution; others I retain for further consideration, and am now ready to tackle the next item of my daily duties, which is that of attending to my own correspondence.

I need hardly say it is rather voluminous. My secretary has already been through some of it and weeded out several "undesirable" epistles, varying from threats dark and direful from anonymous writers, to tear-stained appeals from mothers to be kind to their sons who happen to be in my charge.

I give, of course, my earliest attention to the official correspondence—it is rarely that there is not a big batch to be dealt with. I wade through it all, dictating answers to those

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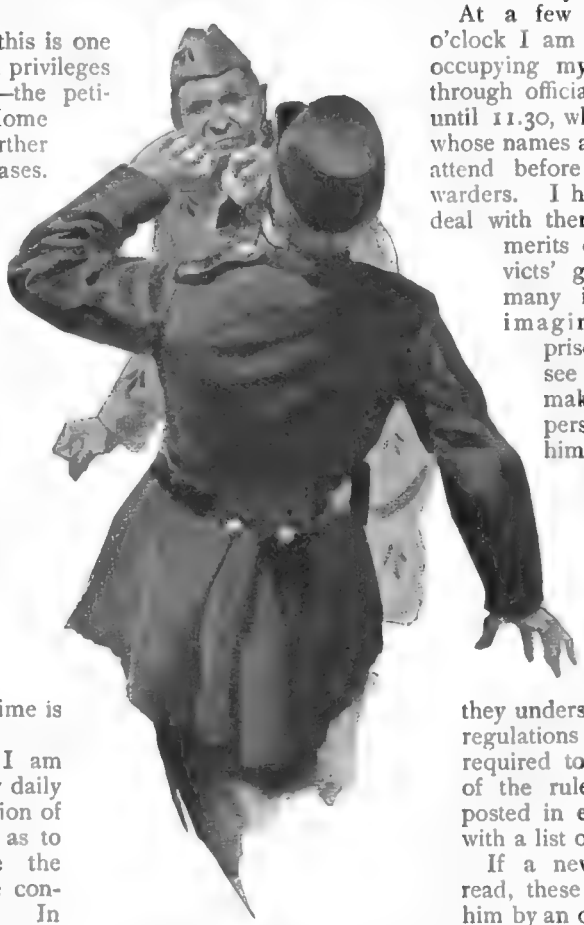
letters which I am in a position to attend to on the spot, and leaving others aside until I obtain any necessary information demanded.

Petitions of prisoners to the Home Office bring me back quite a little pile of curtly-worded responses for transmission to the interested individuals who have forwarded these documents.

I may say that this is one of the most abused privileges open to convicts—the petitioning of the Home Secretary for the further consideration of cases. It is necessary, and sometimes results in the liberation of an innocent man with a "free pardon." But the guilty are as persistent as, if not more so than, the innocent: and, as the rules do not prevent it, no sooner is an unfavourable reply received, than another petition is prepared and sent in, the process being repeated until the petitioner grows tired or his time is complete!



For cases of brutal assault on warders corporal punishment to the extent of not more than thirty-six lashes may be ordered by the Board of Visitors. The sentence has to be confirmed by the Home Secretary.

At ten o'clock I am ready to start on my daily round of every portion of the prison, as well as to any place outside the precincts where the convicts are working. In company with an officer, therefore, I make a move, as the clock strikes the hour of ten, on my tour of inspection, which must never be omitted on any account. Every ward, cell, yard, the infirmary; also the bakehouse, kitchen, and workshops; any cell in which a prisoner is undergoing punishment or special discipline, or lying under a charge of some offence, must be visited.

It is my duty to see each prisoner at least once in twenty-four hours. When I have inspected every portion of the prison, and have seen that every cell is clean, every bed rolled up, the utensils satisfactory, each workshop in good order, and the prisoners industriously employed, I proceed to the public works outside. There I see, too, that the convicts are all employed, and the officers attending to discipline; in fact, that, as my rules direct, "all orders respecting the application of labour are duly enforced."

At a few minutes to eleven o'clock I am back in my office, occupying my time in running through official requisition forms until 11.30, when those prisoners whose names are down to see me attend before me in charge of warders. I hear complaints and deal with them according to the merits of the case. Convicts' grievances vary; in many instances they are imaginary, but every prisoner has a right to see the governor to make the grievance personally known to him. I receive many such visits, of course!

Newly-arrived convicts, a batch of whom has come in during the morning, I interview next, and satisfy myself that they understand the rules and regulations to which they are required to conform—a copy of the rules, by the way, is posted in every cell, together with a list of the dietaries.

If a new prisoner cannot read, these are read over to him by an officer. On receiving a satisfactory assurance as to the knowledge of the rules, I point out the privileges that may be gained by industry and good conduct, and the consequences of idleness and misbehaviour.

At noon I am prepared to hear the cases against prisoners for breaches of prison discipline. Here I might say that a governor's powers are strictly limited as to the infliction of punishments. No serious offence can be dealt with by him—only by a director or by a visiting magistrate.

The cases that come before me, therefore, for direct punishment, are instances of

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disobeying orders, disrespectful treatment of officials, idleness, swearing, behaving irreverently at chapel, striking another prisoner, making unnecessary noise, being a possessor of prohibited articles — briefly, offending generally against good order and discipline. The governor's powers as to punishments are limited to close confinement for not more than three days, reduced diet, deprivation of mattress for not more than three days, and forfeiture of remission of sentence. Directors, however, have powers for ordering heavier punishments for offences against discipline.

To-day none of the charges preferred against the seven culprits who have been brought before me are very serious, with one exception. In this case a man has been guilty of gross personal violence to a warder.

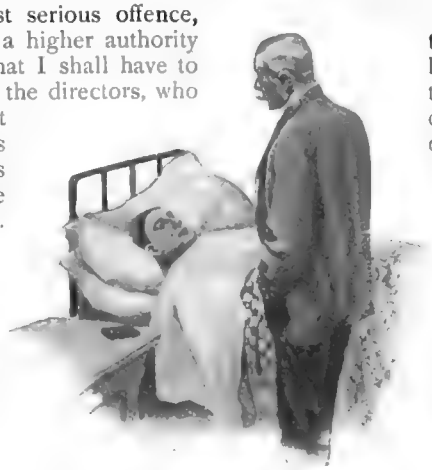
It is, of course, a most serious offence, and must be dealt with by a higher authority than myself. It means that I shall have to report the case at once to the directors, who will specially summon not fewer than three members of the Board of Visitors (magistrates) to assemble to inquire into the charge.

They have power to order corporal punishment if they consider that the offence is grave enough to call for it. But whenever an order for corporal punishment is given, the authorities by whom the order is made must furnish to the directors, for transmission to the Secretary of State, a copy of the notes of evidence, and a report of the sentence, and of the grounds on which it was passed; and the punishment must not be carried out until the order has been confirmed by the Home Secretary. Even then, the punishment cannot be inflicted on a prisoner without a certificate from the medical officer to the effect that the man is in a fit condition of health to undergo the ordeal.

Thank goodness, the occasion does not often arise, for it is one of my most unpleasant duties to be present, in addition to the medical officer, when corporal punishment is inflicted. Afterwards I must enter in my punishment book the hour at which the event took place, the number of lashes or strokes ordered, and other details of the carrying out of the special orders of the Board of Visitors.

I may state here that the number of lashes inflicted on adult offenders never exceeds thirty-six. The doctor, during the infliction of the punishment, has power to reduce the number if, in his opinion, the convict will be seriously injured in health by the carrying out of the full penalty.

By the time I have disposed of the cases brought before me, it is past one o'clock. Witnesses have had to be examined and the prisoners allowed to give their versions of the circumstances under which the violation of prison discipline took place. As soon as the various offenders have been taken away, I go down to my home, where I find luncheon awaiting me.



During the day the governor looks in at the infirmary to inquire after the invalids.

Back again in harness at two p.m. I set to work, and by four o'clock have got through a vast amount of detail work, which I can only partly name.

A score of items require my sanction or signature; reports against officers by their superiors to read and consider; the deputy-governor to consult on various matters too numerous to chronicle here; orders relative to the management and discipline of the prison to be communicated to the proper quarters; interviewing the heads of the various departments, such as the chief store-keeper; a chat with the medical officer while receiving his official report; another with the chaplain, who has much to tell me about those of whom he has spiritual charge; the disposal of new batches of prisoners about to arrive, and so on.

A subject that needs most careful reflection is that of the classification of prisoners. There are three classes. Firstly, what is known as the "star" class, consisting of prisoners who have never been convicted previously, or who are not habitually criminal or of corrupt habits. Prisoners of this class must at all times throughout their sentence be kept apart from all other classes of prisoners, but are liable to be removed to the "ordinary" class if found to exercise a pernicious influence over fellow prisoners.

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Here then, is a matter that a governor of a prison dares not shirk, requiring as it does much thought and careful consideration; and the study of reports by officers on the prisoners concerned.

The responsibility is great when the question has to be considered: "Must this man remain in the 'star' class, or be shifted to the 'ordinary'?" A man's future career, for good or evil, may depend on the decision. The "ordinary" class consists of prisoners who have been convicted previously of serious crime, or are proved to be habitual criminals. The third, or "intermediate" class is prisoners who, by good conduct and industry, have attained the highest stage under the progressive grade system, and are within twelve months of release; others included in this class are those who are not eligible for that stage, but whose age and antecedents, and whose conduct in prison, justify the hope that they may be helped, on their release, to lead an honest life.

Many an hour must be spent by governor, chaplain, and perhaps warder, considering the difficulties of the question of the first and third classes. Apart from this, the records of the various prisoners, their marks gained and lost, call for the governor's inspection from time to time, and help to fill up the minutes.

Another hour quickly passes attending to the completion of correspondence for the evening post, including the dictation and necessary perusal of half-a-dozen official reports for the Home Office.

At five p.m., after a cup of tea, I go out to the parade grounds to see the prisoners march in from the various departments and from the works outside, to be "rubbed down" for the fourth time to-day before going back to their cells for the night, and to be served with their suppers. This done, and the "all right" given, I pay an extra visit to the infirmary, and note that the invalids are receiving proper attention.

Daily I receive, from the officers directly responsible to me, at the opening and closing of the prison, reports accounting for all prisoners. These reports minimise the risks of an escaped prisoner's absence not being discovered early enough to render it possible for a speedy recapture to take place. At seven o'clock, the cells having been visited shortly before this hour by the officer in charge, and the prisoners locked up for the night, I am given my report as to the safety of every prisoner.

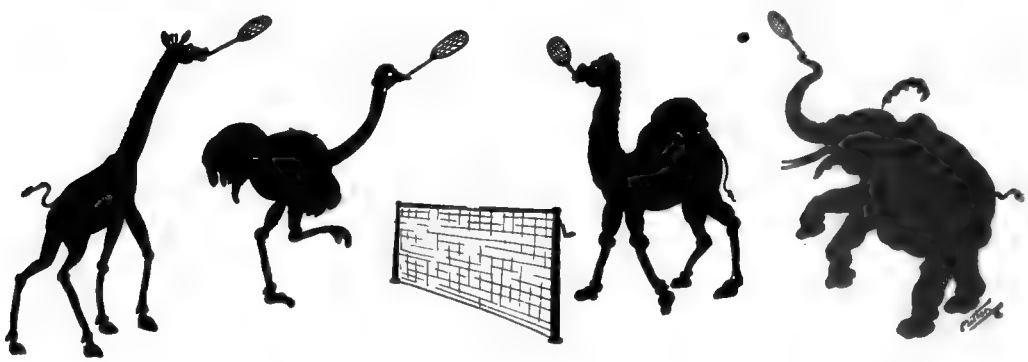
Having assured myself that all gates are locked exactly at the proper hour, and that all the keys of the prison are kept in the authorised place or in the possession of the authorised officers, I may go home to dinner.

The rest of the evening is my own, but I must not absent myself from the prison without permission in writing from a director, for even a single night.

Nominally free, I am, more often than not, still on duty when midnight arrives.

Besides, the following rule somewhat disturbs, once a week, but not on regular nights, nor yet at regular hours, my well-earned slumbers, *i.e.*, "The governor and deputy-governor shall, each, at least once during the week, go through *every part* of the prison at an uncertain hour of the night; which visits, with the hour and state of the prison at the time, the governor shall record in his journal."

The faithful carrying out of the above rule succeeds in keeping the officers on night duty continually on the *qui vive*.



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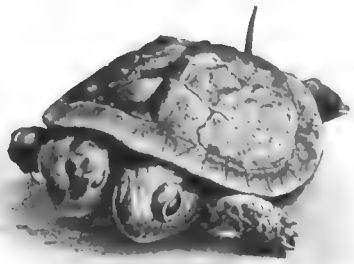
# PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

*Readers are Invited to Submit Photographs for this Feature.*



*Payment is Made for Accepted Pictures, which should be Accompanied by a Short Description of the Subject.*

An extraordinary tortoise with two heads.

### A DOUBLE-HEADED TORTOISE.

DOUBLE-HEADED individuals are fairly common among domestic animals, but this is probably the only double-headed tortoise in existence.

It was found in the county of Fairfax, near Mount Vernon, in the United States.

The tortoise is about four months old, and its little shell measures only about five inches in length and four inches in breadth.

The two heads correspond exactly with one another, and move simultaneously. For instance, when the reptile is eating, both the mouths absorb nourishment at the same time.

In fact, this tortoise is quite a remarkable zoological specimen, and has excited great interest among students of Natural History.

It seems quite unconscious of its physical peculiarity, and is perfectly healthy.

### A LENGTHY MANE.

THE horse below is one of the most distinguished equines in existence. It possesses a mane six and a half yards long.

The fortunate owner of the animal has received numerous tempting offers from circus proprietors, but as he is much attached to his long-maned steed, he has accepted none of them. As may be seen, it requires three men, acting as "train-bearers," to keep the horse's mane off the ground.

The amount of attention required to keep this mass of horsehair in a good condition is enormous.

The animal is a light grey in colour, and does not seem to mind its long locks in the least.

But it appears more than likely that some morning the groom, on entering his charge's stable, will find the poor horse strangled by its own mane.

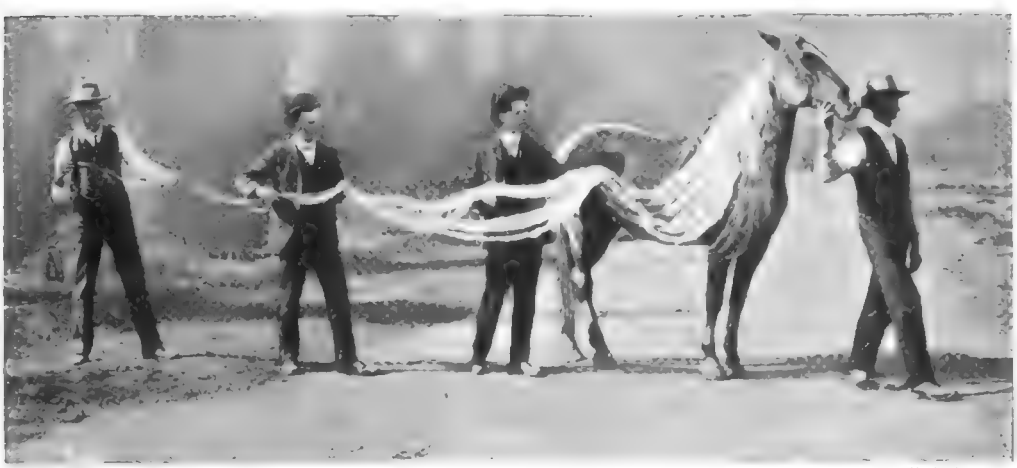


*Photo* H. L. Jones.

This horse, the property of a Californian gentleman, has a mane six and a half yards long.

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*Photo* *Ramsay, Lerwick.*
A group of golfers on the Lerwick (Shetland Islands) Golf Links, photographed at 12.15 midnight during the month of June.

## MIDNIGHT GOLF.

THE wives of ardent golfers have been known to complain that they never see their husbands all day, and at night they can only talk about the game.

But in Shetland, during the merry month of June, the Royal and Ancient game is played ceaselessly except for an interval of three and a half hours.

At this season of the year the Shetlanders are never in absolute darkness, and the sun rises about three and a half hours after it sets. Thus, the Annsbrae Golf Links, at Lerwick, are always occupied. When the weary band who have borne the burden and heat of the day turn homeward, a "night shift" is waiting to take their places.

The excellence of our photograph, taken at 12.15 midnight, an hour when in most places it is quite dark, shows that there is plenty of light to play by on the Lerwick links during the small hours of the morning.

The plate was exposed for only half-a-minute, but the faces of the group and all details in the background are clearly defined.

Sunrise among the Shetland Islands is a most glorious sight, for, though the inland scenery is dull and monotonous, the rocky coast appears magnificent in the first rays of the sun.

## A NEW LIFE-SAVING BOAT.

THE strange-looking vessel below is the invention of a Norwegian, Captain Ole Brude.

He claims that it is a completely reliable life-saving boat, and will come safely through the wildest storm. Ready to back up his words by deeds, he took his craft, the *Uraad*, a three-thousand-mile voyage across the Atlantic. With a crew of four men, the little vessel sailed from Aalesund, in Norway, to Gloucester, Mass., U.S., and arrived without serious damage after an extremely stormy passage.

The plucky captain undertook the voyage both to demonstrate the usefulness of his boat and to win a prize of £38,000.

The *Uraad* is only eighteen feet long, with an eight-foot beam. She is egg-shaped, and it is owing to her peculiar form that she is able to ride safely over big Atlantic rollers that would swamp an ordinary boat of her size.

Captain Brude is very proud of his little craft, and has great hopes that his invention will prove of inestimable service to sailors, and minimise loss of life in cases of wreck or collision. He certainly has the courage of his convictions. It is no light undertaking to sail three thousand miles across the Atlantic in an eighteen-foot sailing vessel.

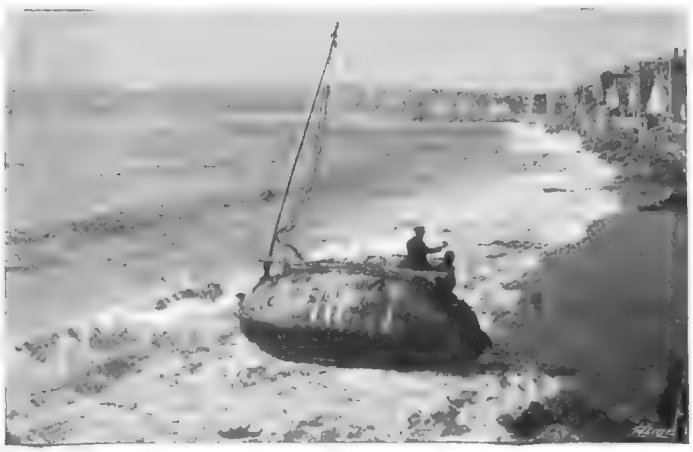

*Photo* *Leslie's Weekly."*
An unique life-saving boat, invented by Captain Ole Brude, in which he recently crossed the Atlantic.

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*Photo* *Scientific American.*

This oil-derrick is so perfectly reflected in the oil-field below that it is hard to tell whether the picture is upside down or not.

## A STUDY IN OIL FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE wonderful accuracy of this reflection of an "oil-derrick," as the tower-like structure is called, in a pool of oil, is best appreciated by turning the page upside down.

Even the clouds themselves are faithfully mirrored, and the photograph testifies to the wonderful reflecting power possessed by crude oil.

The picture was obtained on the Western oil-fields of the United States, which have the largest annual oil output of any in the world.

The big structure in the centre of the picture is an oil-derrick. In appearance it somewhat resembles an artesian well.

These derricks are erected wherever the oil issues from the ground. It is thus controlled, and prevented from running at its own sweet will all over the surrounding country, and thus being wasted.

The great danger which is always threatening oil-fields in every country is fire.

It will be remembered that during the recent riots in the neighbourhood of the Russian oil-fields the oil was ignited and tremendous damage done.

Besides the inevitable injury to property which ensues when an oil-field gets ablaze, there is frequently serious loss of life.

The task of extinguishing the flames is, as may be imagined, one of great difficulty.

## AN UNIQUE PHOTO.

IN the region of the equator the sun is directly overhead at twelve noon, and objects throw no shadow.

The man above appears to be standing in the centre of his own shadow. This is because his shoulders throw a shadow downwards.

If he were the same width from head to foot, this shadow would not appear.

The overhanging cap also causes a small shadow

This photograph, taken at noon, shortly after passing the equator, shows a man who seems to be standing exactly in the centre of his shadow.

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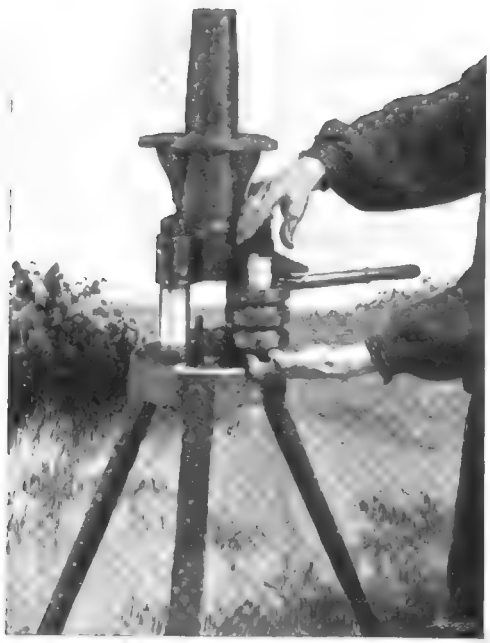

The hail-destroyer consists of a strong, hollow steel cylinder, about a foot long and five inches in diameter, fixed to a steel tripod. The cartridge is placed in the lower part of the cylinder.——

## HAIL DESTROYERS.

### How Wine-growers Fight the Clouds.

The wine-growers of Austria and Northern Italy determined about four years ago seriously to study the problem of how to preserve their vines from destruction by hail-storms, and, incidentally, themselves from ruin. Insurance against hail did not compensate them, since the rates were too high, and the erection of wire-netting protections involved tremendous expense.

It was remembered that the firing of cannon always influenced the atmosphere, since in all great battles the artillery fire has brought on showers of rain, even if the weather were fine at the commencement of the fighting.

It was also known that hail cannot be formed in a disturbed atmosphere.

The wine-growers, having argued thus far, set about having cannon constructed wherewith to bombard the clouds. The first ordnance was made and successfully experimented with in Styria.

The Italians soon copied their Austrian neighbours, and by November, 1900, a firm in Brescia had manufactured and sold 2187 cannon.

The weapons are made as follows:

A strong, hollow cylinder of steel or bronze, about one foot in length and five inches in diameter, is fixed vertically to a steel tripod so that both openings are free.

The lower opening of the cylinder receives the cartridge, containing from sixty to eighty grammes of powder, and the upper opening fits into a large metal trumpet.

——The upper part of the cylinder supports a large metal trumpet, which increases the noise made by the exploding cartridge.

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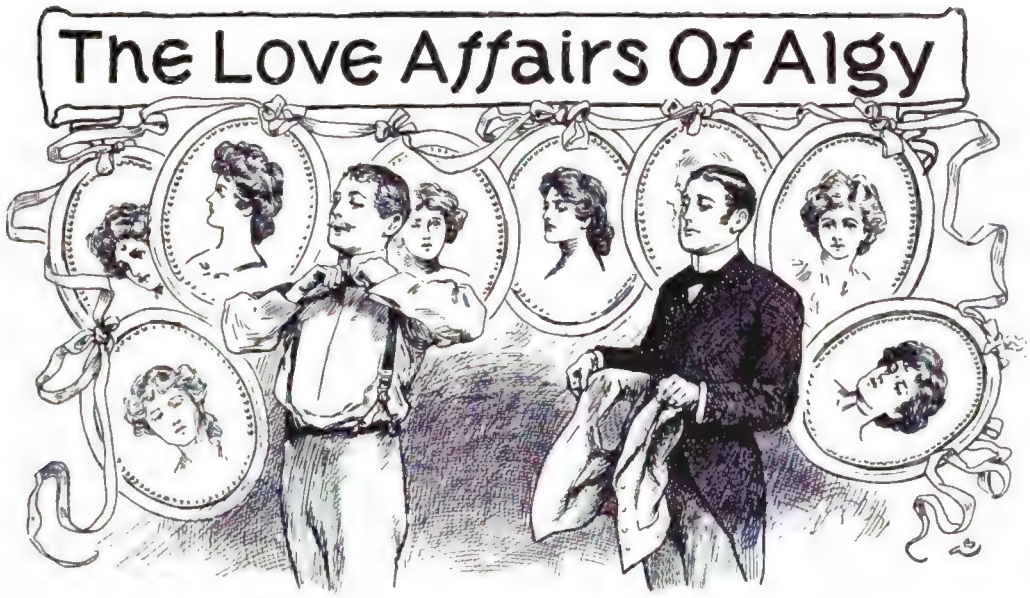
# The Love Affairs Of Algy



*This is the First of a Series of Stories, Each Complete in Itself, Describing the Flirtations of the Hon. Algernon Marmaduke Brightlingsea.*

## No. 1.—HIS JULY GIRL, OR THE *CONTRETEMPS* AT THE FORD.

By Marcus Woodward.

The Honourable Algernon Marmaduke Brightlingsea, otherwise known as Algy, awoke to a consciousness of sunshine flooding his room at White Castle, and a blackbird dropping liquid notes just outside his windows.

"A real midsummer day at last, Deeds," said Algy to his valet, turning to his tea and his letters on a table beside him.

"Just the day, sir, for a white flannel suit," Deeds made answer, fluttering noiselessly about the room, preparing Algy's attire for the morning.

"Just the day for a long chair on the lawn by the edge of the river with a pretty girl beside you, Deeds—just the day for a morning in the hayfields, for a punt under the willows, for a sail on the sea, for wild roses in the hedgerows—or, as you exquisitely sum it up, the day of days for white flannels. Hello! The deuce! What's this?"

Algy, idly sorting his letters, came upon a sheet of notepaper neatly folded into a three-cornered missive, across which his name had been scrawled in a feminine hand.

"A b-b-billet d-d-doux!" (Algy always stammered when excited.) "Where does it come from, Deeds? How did you get it?"

"One of the ladies' maids, sir—I don't rightly know which—said I was to give it you most particular directly you awoke, sir."

Algy adjusted an eye-glass, minutely scanned the writing, sniffed at the perfume of the paper—then disentangled its folded-in corners.

"*Dear Algy*" (he read), "*Come on the river, do. I'm bored to tears with everybody, and want to get away. Meet me at eleven by the sun-dial, and bring cushions.*

"*Dolly.*"

"B-b-bless you, D-D-Doll!" cried Algy in a transport. "Yes, it's white flannels this morning, Deeds—and hurry my bath and breakfast!"

He bathed, this fine young man, and arrayed himself in spotless white, and breakfasted royally in his room, all in a flutter. For our Algy had an idea that he was in love, and stood now on the threshold of such an adventure as, to his mind, he had been given life to enjoy.

Outwardly a tall young man, whose shoulders drooped a little, whose eye-glass gave a final touch of completeness to an aspect of dandyism—inwardly he was just what his appearance suggested—a simple

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soul, as susceptible to a pretty face as a photographer's film to sunlight. He had the quality of enjoying life, no small possession to a young man who may call himself his own master. To be ever falling in and out of love might cause unhappiness to some mortals—but not to the Hon. Algernon Marmaduke Brightlingsea, of all mortals the gayest and most irresponsible, as we shall observe.

A last survey before the glass, a last twist to his little moustache, and he was ready for what adventures the day might bring.

"Now, Deeds," he commanded in the end, "get an armful of cushions, and take 'em down to the boat-house."

In high spirits, he strolled to the trysting-place, and the shadow of the sun-dial had not long passed the hour before noon when Miss Dolly Delacomb appeared on the horizon, and came gaily across the lawn.

"Good boy, Algy, ever the faithful one—what could be ten times more lovely than this?"

"Not P-P-Paradise," answered Algy. "We'll have a glorious time. I've sent cushions to the boat-house——"

"And I've sent provisions—come along!"

They went along, side by side; and the impression began steadily to grow on Algy that he was desperately far gone in love.

"Dolly," he asked, "what made you think of this splendid plot? In my wildest dreams, I could never have imagined such a pleasure."

"And you don't deserve it. I only picked you out because I thought you would be least missed of all the men—and I don't want a hue and cry raised! I want a little peace, Algy. I'm tired of doing things."

"What things?"

"Motoring—golfing—talking dress—for three days without ceasing. Now I'm going to recuperate, and you must help me."

"I see," said Algy. "Tired out with empty frivolities, you turn at last to the one serious mind you have encountered at White Castle, and seek a long day of intellectual refreshment."

"Not at all," snapped Dolly. "I merely seek to amuse myself."

They came to a little boat-house, sprawling across a back-water, where cushions and a hamper of provisions had preceded them, and were snugly stowed in a roomy canoe.

Algy was not a rowing man—but he could handle a canoe so long as he paddled very slowly. They drifted, by imperceptible degrees, past the lawns before the house, into the region of meadows.

"About a mile lower down," said Dolly presently, "the river widens out into a lake, and in the middle of the lake, Algy, is an island."

"I see the idea. There we disembark to picnic. Then we lie in the cool shade, and smoke cigarettes, and talk about nothing."

"Precisely," said Dolly, "you may tell me all about yourself."

Algy paddled steadily on his way. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, cows flapped lazy tails in the shade of trees, swallows flashed up and down stream, and a sense of the eternal fitness of everything that made up the scene entered forcibly into Algy's soul.

"Ah," he cried rapturously, when the talk between them had flashed awhile, flickered, and died for a space, "how I wish this m-m-moment might go on for ever!"

"Nonsense," said Dolly. "Besides, already it's nearly one o'clock, and I'm hungry."

Algy fell to work with the paddle again, rebuked, but not daunted, determined to impress his fair companion, if not by the sparkle of his small talk, at least by the display of his cunning skill. In this he so far succeeded as to call forth the remark:

"I *do* like men who can row, and do things."

Algy inquired: "And what other qualities do you care for in men?"

"Bravery," said Dolly, "first and last. I like men who risk their lives without a moment's thought."

Algy prayed that the chance might come to show how cheaply he held his life where Dolly's was concerned. Meantime, he kept his paddle flashing rhythmically, and soon was rounding the last bend in the stream before the lake and the island appeared in view. Running the canoe alongside a rustic landing-place, he stepped out and gave his hand to his companion. As she followed him ashore, Algy not only so far lost his head as to kiss the hand she had confided to him, but he nearly lost the canoe too—only fishing it back with a paddle, to the accompaniment of running sarcasm, just as it was drifting beyond recall.

"You see how silly you are," said Dolly severely. "And you must be punished. I shall leave you to carry the hamper and all the cushions, while I go to prospect for a lunching place." And she suited the action to the word.

Algy, thus deserted, sat on the step and dropped his heels into the canoe to hold it

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steady, while he fished for the hamper and his scattered property. He threw cushions to land behind him, and reached for Dolly's parasol. Then he held his hand.

"No," he said. "Give a girl a parasol, and she hides her face behind it. This may remain."

Then he sat still a moment, thinking hard.

"When I was a boy," said Algy softly to himself, drumming his heels in the canoe, "there used to be a ford that crossed the river just here; and when I came to visit White Castle, we boys used to wade from the bank to the island in search of ducks' eggs. I wonder if the ford still exists?"

He measured the depth of the water with his paddle, and sounded for stepping stones. Examining the banks of the river he found undoubted signs of wear and tear just where the ford might be expected to start and end. Then he whistled softly to himself, and sat a while longer in thought.

"Suppose I forgot to make the canoe fast?" mused Algy. "It would soon drift away. Suppose it did? I should have to risk my life in carrying Dolly from the island to the bank. That would be a gallant thing! That would be just the thing to put me in the right light in her eyes. That would be the sort of thing that a generous girl like Dolly would *reward*. 'Bravery, first and last,' is what Dolly likes."

"Algy," came a cry, "hurry up. I'm starving!"

"C—c—coming!"

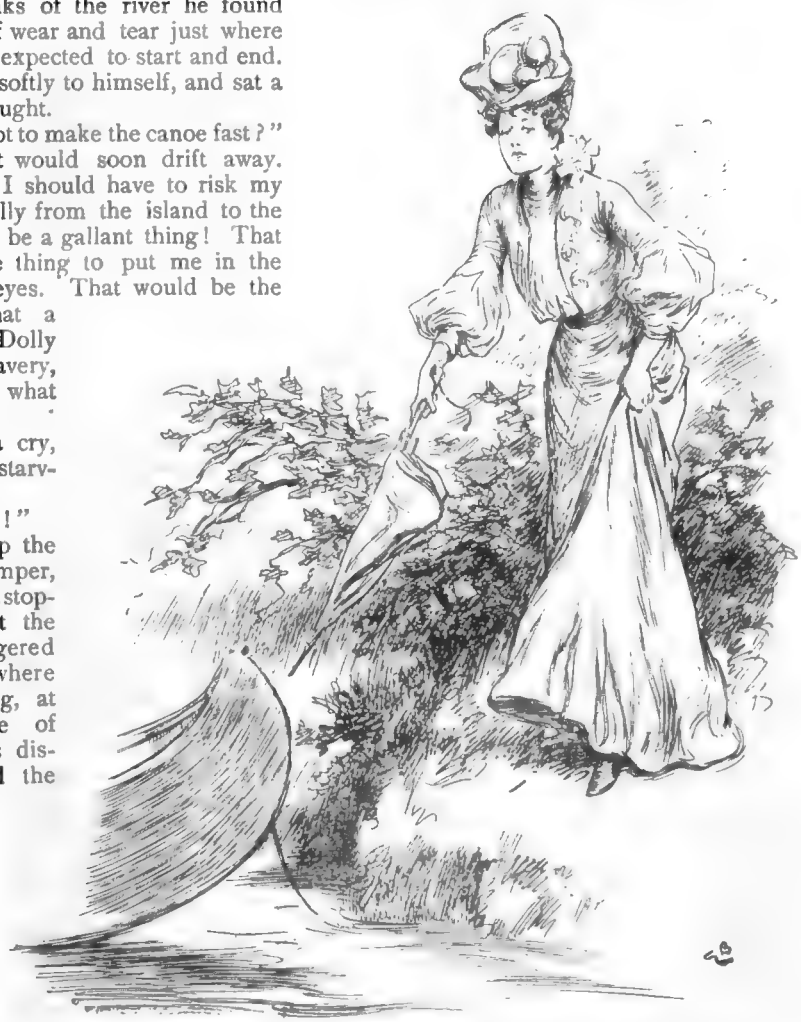
Algy gathered up the cushions and the hamper, and set off—without stopping to make fast the painter. He staggered with his load to where Dolly was standing, at the chosen place of feasting, fifty yards distant, and scattered the cushions at her feet.

"Monster!" Dolly frowned on her slave. "You've forgotten my sunshade. How many more times to-day must I punish you, Algy? The sentence of the Court is that you do forthwith unpack the hamper and spread the lunch without feminine aid—while *I* go for my sunshade." And Dolly tripped away to the landing-stage.

The canoe, meanwhile, had drifted a few inches, but still lingered within reach. Dolly pulled it in and rescued her sunshade before she noticed that the loose end of the painter was still on board.

"Algy forgot to tie it up," she exclaimed, and marveled at his forgetfulness. It would serve him right, she thought, if the canoe did drift away. "He would have to wade for it. Or he would have to carry me from the island to the bank!"

Dolly turned to see what Algy, in the



**She turned again, and, with her sunshade, gave the canoe a gentle poke.**

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distance, was doing. His face was towards her, but he appeared to be intent on table decoration. She turned again, and, with her sunshade, gave the canoe a gentle poke.

"That will certainly be a fine test of his bravery," she mused. "We shall see if *he* will risk his life without a moment's thought! Of course, we *could* paddle across the ford, *if* I tell Algy there *is* a ford. But I don't think he deserves to be told, considering how entirely it will be his fault if the canoe gets away. And he richly deserves to be punished for his eternal forgetfulness."

"D—D—Dolly," came a cry. "Lunch is served."

They lunched gaily, with much laughter and many jokes, and not a little wondering as to whether anyone would notice their absence from the table at White Castle; they drank to "Absent friends," from goblets of champagne cup, and afterwards they smoked cigarettes, and Algy stuttered many a sweet nothing that found good grace.

Said Dolly at length: "It's high time we went home to tea."

"This is the g-g-golden day of my life," said Algy with emphasis, as he fastened the lid of the hamper, and gathered up the cushions. "I wish we could begin all the fun over again."

"Oh, there's plenty of fun ahead yet," said Dolly, as they came down to the landing-stage. "*Where's the canoe?*"

"G-g-gone!" exclaimed Algy, dropping the hamper with a crash.

"Gone!" shrieked Dolly. "Stolen or strayed, and here we are—*marooned!*"

"G-G-Goodness g-g-gracious," stuttered Algy, "what in the world are we to do?"

High and low, up and down, they scanned the banks of the river in vain; the canoe had vanished. After five minutes of searching, of questions, of answers, of exclamations—five minutes lived at high pressure—Dolly sat on the landing-steps and began to cry, while Algy determinedly took off his shoes and socks, stuffed them into his pockets, and turned up his flannel trousers.

"D-D-Dolly," he said, "I must carry you across the river. It's risky, but it's the only way."

At this Dolly dried her eyes, and began again to take an interest in life. Could Algy really manage? How brave he was! But suppose they were drowned? Yet Dolly felt sure she could trust him—something told her so. But let him try if he could really support her weight before he ventured to carry her across.

Algy found his fair burden light enough.

"I'd carry you twenty miles," he declared. "Cling tightly round my neck—and here we go."

He stepped gingerly into the water, to find once more beneath his feet, to his infinite satisfaction, the smooth, flat stepping-stones known in boyhood. The water, at first, barely covered his ankles, but rose gradually towards his knees as he advanced.

"It grows d-d-deeper, D-D-Dolly," he announced in anxious tones. "What if it carries me off my feet? I might step into a hole, and then where should we be? Dolly, before we go any further, in case anything should happen to us, let me make a confession!"

"Algy! What is it? Speak!"

"We are face to face with grave danger. At any moment," said Algy barefacedly, "the water may cover our heads. I love you, Dolly. I always shall. And if I am to die now, when life's so sweet, I shall die with your name upon my lips. I shall die with your name graven on my heart. *D-D-Dolly!*"

"*Algy!*"

Tremendous moment! The river rippled by them unheeded; the dangers ahead faded from memory; a sharp stone pierced Algy's heel, and he paid no attention to it. Love reigned supreme, and at imminent risk Algy successfully achieved a kiss.

"If ever we come safely to land," said he, "the very first thing I shall do is to propropose."

"Meantime," said Dolly, "forward!"

He plunged gallantly ahead, and safely negotiated a dozen more stepping-stones. Then, with dry land within measurable distance, suddenly Algy slipped.

A loose stone wobbled beneath him, and threw him off his balance. He staggered, and almost dropped his burden, who screamed in terror, and clutched him frantically; then he fell headlong. Miss Dolly Delacomb shot through the air as though thrown from a gun. They found themselves, a moment later, sitting in the water face to face. They sat bolt upright, supported on their hands, and each stared at the other, one in speechless stupefaction, one in speechless wrath.

When Dolly *did* find her tongue, words came in torrents.

"Algy, you heartless wretch, you did it on purpose! You've ruined my frock, I'm wet through and through, I shall be the laughing-stock of everyone; how *dared* you kiss me when you had me at a disadvantage? I shall

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never speak to you again! And I'm sure," added Dolly, "you knew all the time that this was a ford which a baby of two could cross!"

"And D-D-Dolly," stuttered Algy, adjusting his eye-glass, "I'm sure you pushed the canoe adrift on purpose!"

In the silence that fell, while they yet sat in the water looking unutterable things at each other's eyes, a man appeared on the scene, whistling.

"By George," said Algy, "it's Deeds."

Deeds it was who assisted Dolly from the river, and dried her dress so far as possible with his handkerchief. This invaluable man then directed the bedraggled couple to a short cut through the fields, by which, he assured them, they would reach White Castle in less than fifteen minutes. And Deeds it was who rescued the canoe, collected the cushions and the hamper, and restored all things to their rightful places.

Meantime, Dolly and Algy hurried homewards through the hayfields that summer afternoon, Dolly leading the way, her head held high, Algy limping at her heels; and for a long while a silence reigned between them, freighted with blighted hopes and shattered ideals.

At last, as they approached the house, Algy said:

"Dolly, I've been a fearful fool."

"Yes," answered Dolly, "you have. But on the whole, Algy, I think I've been a bigger one."

"I suppose," said Algy dismally, "you'll never forgive me. I suppose it's all over between us."

"It is," said Dolly. "For neither of us is to be trusted, Algy—that's quite clear. But I will forgive you—on one condition."

"Yes?"

"That you forgive me!"

"For what?" asked Algy.

"For pushing the canoe away—to name *one* foolishness," said Dolly. "And quite a sufficient one for the day!"

Algy forgave, and was forgiven; they pressed hands, and then Dolly said, as they came to the house:

"And now let us forget each other as quickly as possible," and ran suddenly indoors, waving a hurried "Good-bye," and leaving Algy on the door-mat, for the moment aghast.

But he reflected, as he made his way upstairs to change and to recover himself, that to forget was not a bad idea.

"One must always consider oneself lucky," he assured himself, "when one escapes unscathed from any girl who lives up to the name of Dolly!"

*(Next month you will read how Algy woos his 'August Girl.')*

**They sat bolt upright, supported on their hands, and each stared at the other.**

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# MR. —HIS PAGES.

*I love to cause perplexity,*
*I love to make you merry be,*
*So I, with much dexterity,*
*Catch, puzzle, make you laugh.*

*I make my pages full of pranks,*
*Amuse the wise, and catch the cranks.*
*And all I ask, by way of thanks,*
*Is just to make you laugh.*

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

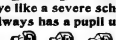
## A PRIZE FOR A PROBLEM.

A few months ago "Mr. X" offered a prize for the best "catch." The catches poured in, and though there was a funny chestnutty flavour about some of them, many were really capital. Well, now it is time for the puzzle-mongers and problem-mongers to have a chance.

This month, accordingly, "Mr. X" offers a prize of Five Shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best problem or puzzle suitable for these "his pages."

Letters, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta-street, London, W.C., must be marked on the outside, "Problem," and must reach "Mr. X" by July 25th.

**Q. Why is an eye like a severe schoolmaster?**
**A. Because it always has a pupil under the lash.**



## A DEAD CERTAINTY.

JAMES: "I bet you half-a-crown that without looking I'll tell you how much money you've got in your pockets."

CHARLES: "Rather! Done!"

JAMES: "All right. Now, while I turn my back, put all your money into your right trouser pocket. Done that?"

CHARLES: "Yes."

JAMES: "Well, now take it all in your right hand, stretch your hand straight in front of you, and turn the thumb down. Done that?"

CHARLES: "Yes."

JAMES: "Well, you've got no money in your pockets. May I take half-a-crown? Thanks."

## MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.

A capital magnetic "sell" is performed with a couple of wooden matches; the large matches are the best for the purpose.

Put one match on the table, and lay the other at right angles on the top of it, and in such a way that the second match is clear of the table.

You then begin to talk any nonsense you like about magnetic influence; and if you happen to have an amber cigarette tube in your pocket, you can show how, after it is rubbed for a moment on the coat sleeve, it will attract small pieces of paper.

You then go on to explain that it is not generally known that a similar experiment can be performed with the thumb nail. You rub your thumb nail on your coat, hold it near the end of the top match, and then, as you draw your nail away in a circular line the match follows it. Then you put your nail on the other side of the match and attract it back to its original position; then hand both matches for examination to prove that they have not been prepared. The explanation is absurdly simple, but the "sell" is nevertheless very effective when properly worked.

When you want to attract the match towards you, all you have to do is to blow slightly against the other end of the match, which then swings round. You must acquire the knack of blowing without pursing up your lips as though you were going to whistle.

The best way of showing the trick is to talk at the same time that you are blowing on the match.

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## THREE TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES.

### (1) Sad Calamity.

GREEN: "Wretched affair about poor old Brown, last night."

BLACK: "Why, what happened?"

GREEN: "It was very dark, and he walked right off the end of the pier."

BLACK: "Great Scott! Was he drowned?"

GREEN: "Oh, no, no. It was the promenade – d he walked off."

### (2) Painful Affair.

RICHARD: "You know the butcher at the corner of the street. Well, early this morning, he dropped ninety feet into a vat of boiling water."

RUPERT: "Oh, how ghastly! Was he killed?"

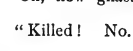
RICHARD: "Killed! No. They were pigs' feet."

### (3) Awful Hurricane.

ALBERT: "I say, have you heard that the wind blew over the house next door to us last night?"

EDWARD: "Good gracious! You don't say so!"

ALBERT: "I do, indeed. It couldn't blow under the house, you see."



### One Mile Flat Race.

They were talking about athletic sports, and Smith (who never will call a spade a spade) said: "Well, my time for the mile is this:

"When I run Brown I win by 80 yards. When I run Jones I win by 20 seconds. When Brown runs Jones, Brown wins by 5 seconds."

In what time could Smith run a mile?

### A Matter of Mathematics.

"Well, how many eggs did *you* get?" said Tom to Fred after a birdnesting expedition. "I got twenty."

"Twenty," replied Fred, "well, if I had as many again as I have got, half as many again as I have, and two and a half, then *I* should have twenty."

How many had he?

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

### Planting and Gathering.

"Mr. X" has come to the conclusion that every single reader of THE ROYAL makes a hobby of thinking out "Planting and Gathering" questions and answers. In response to his offer of Five Shillings for the best set of five of these riddles, came a flood of letters beneath which he was buried several feet deep. He has now managed to extricate himself, and, sitting on the pile of manuscripts, he reads out the following. (The prizewinners' names are given below).

If you planted yourself, what member of the vegetable kingdom might be expected to appear? Why, *yew* (you), of course.

If you planted a dozen snakes? A number of *creepers*.

The fourth Roman figure? IV. (*ivy*).

Some Belgian babies? *Brussels sprouts*.

A policeman? His *beet* (beat).

A worm? Why, the *wormwood!*

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill? A *prickly pear*.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE? Some fine "reads" (*reeds*).

The Black Sea? *Black currants*.

The man who swam the Hellespont? Oh! Leander (*oleander*).

A girls' school out walking? Prim rows (*primrose*).

A cigar? A *weed*.

A waiter? Comin', sir (*cumin*, sir).

Another method is to plant a thing in some particular place. Thus, if you plant someone else's name at the foot of a cheque, what might you expect? Seven years.

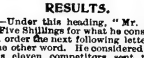
If you plant THE ROYAL? Well, it can't be *beet*, anyway.

A cat on hot bricks? *Hops*.

A lunatic? He will certainly come up *madder*.

A school boy in his best clothes? *Tares*.

A kick in a dog's back? A *dog* "*rose*."



**Q. When does the cannon-ball? (Cannon bawl).**
**A. When the Vickers-Maxim (Vicar smacks him).**

### RESULTS.

SUBSTITUTION.—Under this heading, "Mr. X" offered in THE ROYAL a prize of Five Shillings for what he considered the best word made by taking in order the next following letter in the alphabet to each letter of some other word. He considered SHEER-TIFFS the best example. As eleven competitors sent this, each has been awarded a Puzzle-penknife, Puzzle-purse, or ROYAL pack of Playing-cards. "Mr. X" does not wish to fill his valuable space with a list of names and addresses, of interest only to eleven of his readers, but the curious may obtain this list on application.

PLANTING AND GATHERING.—The prize of Five Shillings is awarded to Miss Margaret Evans, 31 Rue du Lac, Avenue Louise, Bruxelles, Belgium. Puzzle-penknives, Puzzle-purses, or ROYAL packs of Playing-cards go to Mr. A. G. Webb, 16 Hita-road, Clapham, S.W., Miss E. Shapcott, The Nook, Great Mongeham, near Deal, and Mr. E. K. Ledger, "A" House, The College, Marlborough.

ONE MILE FLAT RACE: Five minutes and a half.

A MATTER OF MATHEMATICS: Seven.



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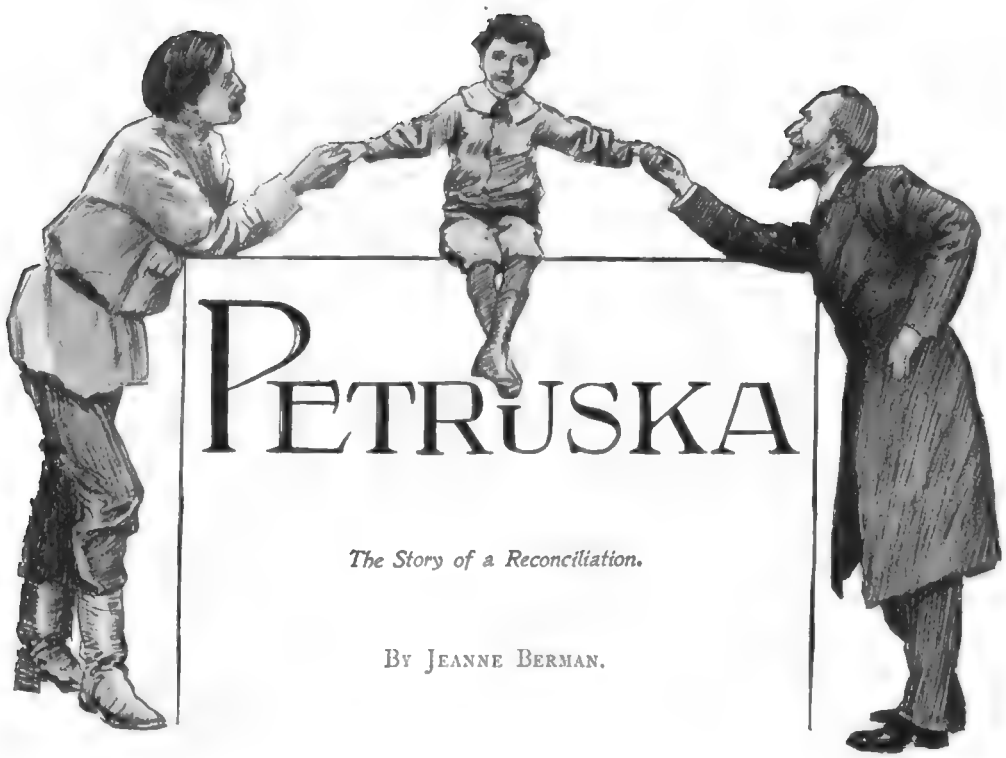

# PETRUSKA

*The Story of a Reconciliation.*

By Jeanne Berman.

They were the sons of a well-to-do peasant, and lived in a village four miles from the big town. There the waters of the Volga stretched in a broad, shining expanse, and flowed smoothly between the mountainous shores.

Michael Ignatyeff, the elder of the two, was a rich and prosperous merchant, the owner of many barges and the master of the men who loaded and unloaded them.

Ivan, the younger, was poor, and his work was as erratic as his moods. In the spring, when the turf was soft and the leaves on the trees fresh and green, he worked on the river, surprising his comrades with his tremendous strength; in the summer, when the golden corn waved in slender, shimmering strands, he toiled in the fields; and, during the long, heavy winter, when the snow covered the ground as far as the eye could see, and melted in the dim, distant horizon, he stood in the forest and felled the great trees one by one.

Ivan was strong. It was a byword amongst his comrades that he had muscles of iron and the strength of ten horses. He was big of build and deep of chest, with a dark, handsome face, black eyes set far apart, and dark hair clustering in thick waves over his forehead.

Michael was small, with a lean, wiry figure, hooked nose, like the beak of a parrot, and thin, scornful mouth.

The two brothers hated each other with a hatred that was both deep and fierce.

Ill-luck had dogged the footsteps of Ivan all his life. Nothing seemed to prosper with him. The sum of money that his father had left him seemed to melt away like snow before the sun. When he was not working he drank vodka, and when his stock of copecks was exhausted he smoked his long pipe. If he were in a good humour he told his inimitable stories—told them in his rich voice, and with the characteristic *naïveté* that charmed his hearers young and old, who clustered round him like a swarm of bees. At other times he sat gloomy and sad, staring with absent eyes, apparently at nothing. His friends knew then that Ivan was to be avoided.

Like Michael, he had married, late in life, a healthy, buxom young woman. She bore him three girls. One after the other they opened their eyes upon the world, then passed away into the great Unknown. At each succeeding blow the man worked harder and drank more vodka. Eight years after their marriage his wife gave birth to a son. Ivan idolised the child, and his comrades saw him no more. He hardly tasted

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vodka; he spent his spare hours at home dandling the child, tossing him shoulder high, watching with delight the little fellow's hesitating footsteps when he first began to walk.

But the child died. Ivan had nursed his son in his illness, nursed him tenderly and devotedly. He closed the lids over the glazed eyes, and straightened the stiffened limbs when the little body lay awaiting burial.

The mother alternately wept and moaned and tore the hair from her head and knelt before the Ikon. But Ivan's eyes were quite dry. He went out and made his way towards the Cabac. That night he staggered home dead drunk. On his way home he had to pass his brother's house. Lights streamed from the windows, and the sound of music was wafted on the keen, frosty air. Ivan paused, leant against a wall, and listened. Something seemed to pierce his clouded brain. He suddenly remembered that it was the birthday of his brother's son. He staggered on, and laughter, harsh, dreadful laughter, that sounded terrible and sinister, burst from his lips. His hatred of his brother grew deeper, and he cursed Michael and his offspring.

* * * * *

It was in the spring that Ivan first met Petruska. He did not know then that the child was his brother's son. Michael and he had not spoken to each other for years. The quarrel had begun over a trivial matter, but the breach had widened as time went on, and, although they lived within a stone's throw of each other, they rarely met. Petruska had slipped away from his nurse and was watching the busy scene on the wharf. He was a slim, delicate little figure, with soft, dark curls, and big, solemn eyes. He stood still for a long time, his glance straying from the men to the river, that gleamed with gold and sapphire tints, reflecting the funnels of the steamers, which assumed strange and distorted shapes beneath the silent waters. Then, slowly and hesitatingly, he drew nearer, and came up to the man nearest him, who stood a little apart from the others. That man was Ivan.

"Why do you work?" asked the boy.

Ivan looked up.

"Because I must live," he replied curtly, and resumed his work.

"But cannot you live without work? My papa does."

Ivan looked up at the boy again, took in each detail of his clothes, then smiled.

"Your papa is rich," he said, "and has no need to work. I am poor."

The child did not reply; he seemed to be pondering deeply.

"Have you any little boys?" he asked after a while.

Ivan's lips quivered; he bent lower over the twisted coils of rope.

"I had a little boy once," he said; "he would have been nearly as old as you if—if——"

"Where is he now?" asked the child in a whisper.

"In Heaven." Ivan's voice was husky.

"In Heaven?" repeated the child. "How did he get there? Oh, I know! He climbed up on a ladder, didn't he?"

Ivan smiled sadly.

"No, dear," he said, and he spoke with unwonted gentleness, "the angels came down and took him back with them."

Petruska sat down on a plank; his face was thoughtful.

"Did you see the angels take him?"

"No," answered Ivan.

"What a pity," said Petruska. "Why didn't you look? They must have made a hole in Heaven or else they couldn't have got in, could they?" He looked up towards the sky as he spoke. A flock of pigeons was flying high up in the air, their wings gleaming like silver in the bright sunlight. Petruska brought down his head with a jerk.

"Did your little boy have pigeons?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Ivan, "he had three."

"I have twelve—seven are white and the others are all coloured. I have also a canary and a little dog and two kittens."

"My boy had picture-books," said Ivan, "and when he got tired of them he used to come to me and nestle in my arms, and I would tell him stories."

"Will you tell me stories?" asked Petruska eagerly.

"Yes, some day, when I am not busy."

"Will it be a story about fairies and princes?"

"Anything you like."

"May I come to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Ivan. He looked at the boy again, and as he looked, Memory tugged at his heart-strings. He felt strangely drawn towards this child, and a sudden impulse rose within him to clasp the little figure in his arms and strain it close—close to his breast. But he restrained himself: he was a humble workman, this child was of rich parents;

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there was a gulf — an impassable gulf — between them.

"Come to-morrow, little one," said Ivan dreamily. "But stay," he added suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Petrus Michaelevitch," replied Petruska.

"Petrus Michaelevitch?" repeated Ivan, and the big coil of rope fell from his hands. Then he smiled—was the gulf wider now?

"What are you smiling at?" said Petruska.

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied Ivan; "they called my child Petrus, too."

The next day Petruska came again, and listened to the stories that Ivan told him as he worked, and it seemed to the imaginative child that he could see all the wonderful palaces that were made of crystal and gold, and the gardens with the big trees that bore, not fruit, but many-hued gems, and the people who lived there, who always sang and danced, and were never sad.

"And did they all love each other?" asked Petruska.

"Yes," replied Ivan emphatically.

"And they never wished each other harm?"

"No."

"Do you wish anyone harm?"

Ivan remembered his brother, and hung his head; then he pinched Petruska's ear.

"You are a strange little fellow, Petruska," he said; "you want to know too many things, but they cannot all be explained to you; you would not understand."

Summer came, a hot, stifling summer that scorched the haystacks and withered the crops. The men toiled languidly on the river, and mopped their heated brows, even divesting themselves of their blue blouses to gain a breath of cool air. The farmers groaned and prayed for rain, but Ivan was happy. There was a wonderful mildness about the big fellow; he sang now as he worked and waited for the coming of Petruska, and his eyes would light up when he saw the little figure tripping towards him, followed by the old nurse, who looked on discreetly, and said nothing.

But one day he waited in vain. He looked up every moment, but there was no sign of Petruska. "Some of his schoolmates must have come to see him," said Ivan to himself, "and he could not get away; he will come to-morrow."

But two more days passed by, and still the child did not come.

"Perhaps he is not well," said Ivan; "he may have eaten something that disagreed with him; some mothers don't know how to look after their children." And then a new thought came, and the tenderness died out of the man's voice, and it became hard and sullen.

Michael must have found out about the meetings between him and the child, and purposely kept Petruska back, denying his less successful brother this one gleam of happiness.

Ivan clenched his hands and set his teeth hard. Then he laughed grimly. How little they knew him. He would win Petruska back, aye, even if he had to steal him.

It was not until a week later that Ivan learnt that Petruska was ill, and that a great doctor had been sent for from the town, and that the child's parents were nearly frantic with grief.

Ivan heard the news in silence, but something surged up in his throat, and his broad, ruddy face grew pale. Was Petruska also to die—Petruska, with the delicate, flower-like face and the sweet, winning ways?

A sharp pain tugged at his heart, pain and remorse. He thought of that night many months ago, when his own child had died, and because his arms were empty, and his brain maddened with drink, he had cursed his brother's offspring. Was this the result of his curse?

Ivan, with the superstition of his class, shuddered, and buried his damp face in his hands. Then he knelt before the Ikon and prayed that the child might be spared.

"Save him! save him!" he cried. "I looked upon my brother with envy, and hatred, and malice, but upon the child I did not cast the evil eye. Be merciful, O Lord, and cast off the spell."

* * * * *

Summer went by and winter came, and the great trees that dotted the white landscape like grim sentinels waved their bare arms to the wintry blast. The wind came rushing through, shrieking and whistling in the clear air, and the huge boughs were torn down and fell in forlorn heaps on the bed of dead leaves, that made patches of dark colour on the carpet of snow.

The forests re-echoed with the sound of axe and chisel, and the saws swung through the air as they cut down the timber. Sometimes came the soft tinkle of bells, as a solitary sledge glided by, leaving two long, black ruts on the spotless surface of the snow. But for the most part silence reigned in Nature's vast cathedral, which was grander and more solemn, because shorn of its wealth of leaves

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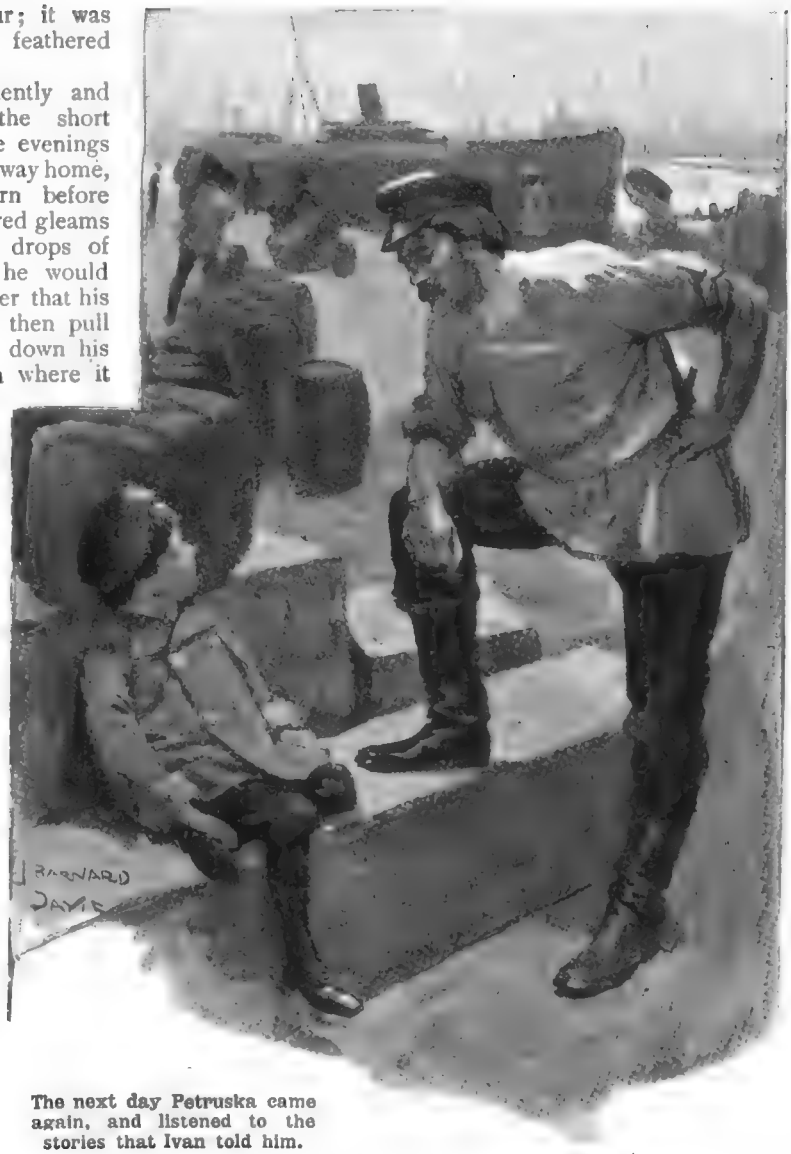
and glow of colour; it was also robbed of its feathered choir.

Ivan worked silently and tirelessly during the short winter days. In the evenings he made his solitary way home, carrying his lantern before him, that cast fitful red gleams on the snow, like drops of blood. In silence he would partake of the supper that his wife set before him, then pull out his pipe, reach down his jar of tobacco from where it stood amongst the copper pans, and smoke, and stare into the glowing embers of the fire.

Then suddenly he would rise, put the jar of tobacco back into its place, knock the ashes from his pipe, and slip into his warm *shubka*, that had once belonged to his father, and was his one costly possession. Silently he would pass out into the cold and darkness.

His wife would shrug her shoulders in stolid resignation. She was so well used to his journeys to the Cabac. Yet he came home night after night, and there was not the least sign of drunkenness in his appearance; he was even unusually gentle towards her.



The next day Petruska came again, and listened to the stories that Ivan told him.

She was overcome with curiosity, and one night followed him. He bent his footsteps in the direction of his brother's house. He slipped round to the back and pushed open the gate, and there the old nurse awaited him. The unseen watcher recognised her by the light of Ivan's lantern, which was turned full upon the withered old face.

They spoke in whispers. Then Ivan came forth again. He paced up and down, his glance straying every now and then towards one of the windows through which glimmered a feeble light, and big sighs burst from his broad bosom.

The woman—watching through a thick mist of tears from her place of vantage—knew that he was gazing at the sick-room, and that Petruska, on his bed of pain, brought back to the man the last illness of their own child. She also divined that, though pride forbade him to enter his brother's house, his heart was slowly but surely softening towards Michael.

Ivan worked in the woods one day as usual.

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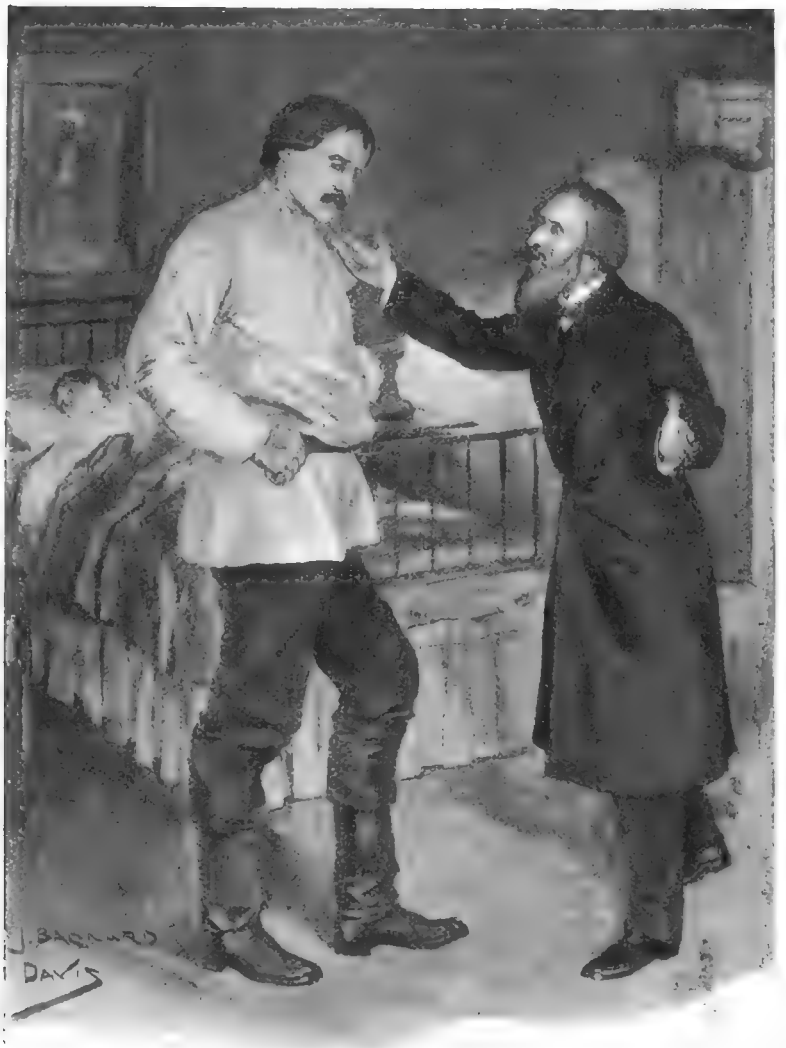

"Come again, Ivan," he said, "come often. There will always be a warm welcome for you."

There were the first faint signs of spring in the air. Tender green was shooting up from the branches of the trees, and here and there a stray flower peeped forth from beneath its bed of snow. Overhead the sky was a serene blue, and the sun shone brilliantly.

The upper part of the forest was still silent. The birds had not yet returned to give out their psalm of thanksgiving, but the hammer and chisel and saws swung through the air, making monotonous music. The men, chattering as they wielded their implements, talked of various things; the state of last year's crops, the evil spirits that hovered over Belcovsky's cattle, killing them off one by one; the good luck of old Stephen Ilkevich, who was rescued from poverty by the unexpected return—from foreign parts—of his wealthy son; and the great trouble that had befallen Michael Ignatyeff.

"If the child dies, he'll never survive the blow," said one man solemnly. "All these months he has scarcely left Petruska's bedside."

"It will mean loss of trade for him."

"What does he care? The child comes before everything. I never saw such a change in any man. It is wonderful. He has suddenly become generous, he has lightened the work of the men on the barges, and given them better wages. He dispenses charity right and left, but it is doubtful if the child will live. He is too weak and listless, the doctors say. If he could be roused, could be made to take interest in his surroundings, there would still be a chance. They have bought him the costliest toys, everything he can have that his heart desires, but it is of no avail. *Ach—ach!* even rich men have their sorrows."

Ivan had been listening to the conversation. With the abruptness that marked all his actions, he threw down his huge saw, and walked away, his feet crunching on the crisp snow, his steps bent in the direction of the town.

"He is going to his brother!" cried the last

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speaker excitedly; "mark my words, trouble always brings reconciliations; blood is, after all, thicker than water. Ha, ha, I wonder how the stingy one will receive the spend-thrift?"

Ivan walked quickly, and soon reached his brother's house. In the garden he met Michael, whose face was ghastly. His eyes were dim with weeping, and he stooped like an old man.

The brothers stared at each other. Ivan was the first to break the silence of years.

"I have come to see the child," he said brusquely. "I used to tell him stories, and he liked to hear them. Perhaps if I tell him one now it may rouse him."

"Who knows?" said Michael, in a hopeless tone; "he is so weak, and he cannot sleep. We have tried everything, but one never knows. Come, let us go to him."

Ivan followed his brother to the darkness of the sick room, and stepped softly towards the bed. Memory tugged at his heart-strings again. Gulping down a sob, he took the little hand, so thin and white and fragile, and held it in his great brown one.

Petruska opened his eyes; they seemed too big for his pitifully small face. A faint, glad smile curved his lips, a smile of recognition.

Ivan sat down beside the bed, and commenced to tell one of his irresistible stories. Gradually a look of interest leapt into the child's eyes, and a soft tinge of colour showed itself in his wan cheeks.

Ivan spoke on and on, while the clock ticked mechanically. Michael and his wife, who stood at the other end of the room, scarcely dared to breathe.

Petruska fell asleep. There was a happy smile on his lips, and his hand still lay in Ivan's broad palm. That sleep would cool the fevered brain, and bring rest to the tired little body.

Ivan was afraid to withdraw his hand lest he should rouse the sleeper, so he sat on in the same position. Michael strode softly across the room, and sat down on the other side of the bed. They were alone. Michael's wife, after sobbing forth her thanks, had gone to obtain a little much-needed rest. The silence between the two brothers was awkward, but neither attempted to break it. The rich brother thought of Ivan's poverty, and how he had never tried to alleviate it, and he blushed with shame. Ivan remembered how he had envied and cursed Michael, and he grew pale with remorse.

Then the years, with their trials and sorrows, their failures and successes, rolled back to the days of their childhood. They were sturdy little fellows again, going to and fro to the old, grey school, their arms affectionately intertwined. Ivan saw, as in a vision, how they used to climb over the fence of their father's garden, and rifle the orchard of old Smolensky, who would hobble after them, shaking his fist in impotent rage. Michael recalled that never-to-be-forgotten scene, when he and his brother, out of pure mischief, had smeared the piles of newly-washed linen as it lay upon the banks of the river, and how they had hidden themselves behind their mother's ample form when the troop of angry washerwomen swooped down upon them.

The clock ticked on; a coal dropped in the wide, open fireplace. Petruska's breathing came softly and regularly; he slept soundly, the sleep that was to give him renewed strength. Slowly and gently Ivan drew away his hand and stood up.

"You are not going?" whispered Michael.

"I am not needed now," replied Ivan in a low tone.

There was silence; each was struggling with his pride. Michael was the first to speak.

"Come again, Ivan," he said, "come often. There will always be a warm welcome for you."

"Do you mean it?" asked Ivan eagerly.

But he did not need an answer in words, for his brother's eyes were full of tears. Michael held out his hand, and Ivan clasped it in a close, warm clasp, the clasp of love and friendship.

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*By permission of* *Messrs. Wrench.*

Such is the demand for this card that it cannot be printed quickly enough to satisfy customers.

*By permission of* *Rapid Photo Co., E.C.*

A fine study of a dog's head which sells readily.

# POPULAR PICTURE POSTCARDS.

*The Huge Success of the Pictorial Card, with Reproductions of Favourite Postcards.*

By Lewis Perry.

Thirty-six years ago, a popular regiment happened to visit a French provincial town. An enthusiastic local stationer, to commemorate the event, produced the first picture postcard. There are many collectors of the present day who would be glad to give a ten pound note for a copy of that card.

It will be seen, therefore, that the pictorial postcard is scarcely the modern innovation most people regard it to be. But it was not until nearly twenty years ago that it became a popular institution. Germany is the country where the dispatch and collection of post-cards, with illustrations printed upon the space intended for correspondence, was heartily encouraged. It became quite a custom for friends apart to send greetings to each other by means of the slip of pasteboard bearing a picture.

The custom grew into a craze! It spread to Austria, then to Italy; Switzerland followed, then Holland, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Spain, and Greece.

The phlegmatic Briton was, as usual, about the last to be touched by the somewhat sentimental movement. This may be accounted for partly by the action of the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The official postcard was not then of a size to fit itself in with elaborate pictorial ornamentation.

Certain firms that were interested in the movement from a commercial point of view, had a tremendous tussle with the authorities on the subject. The then Postmaster-General was, as became a post-office official, very much averse to an innovation, especially anything of the kind that would mean an extension of post-office employment. Art printers, who were aware of the enormous business opportunities of the new trade, were

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Miss Marie Studholme is the actress with the "largest circulation" in postcards. On this one she is shown as "Lady Madcap." The saucy staff cap and swagger cane certainly become her extremely well.

*By permission of the Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME

If Miss Studholme leads in the matter of postcards, she only beats Miss Gabrielle Ray, who has the second largest circulation, by a short head. Miss Ray is depicted here as Cupid, in *A Girl on the Stage.*

*By permission of the Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

Miss Zena Dare, with her sister, Phyllis, has the third largest circulation. Columns have been written about these beautiful sisters, who always secure a grand reception whenever they appear, whether in London or the provinces.

*By permission of The Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

MISS ZENA DARE

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in despair. They pointed out to the authorities that an increase in postcard distribution by post would lead to an immense increase of profits in the department. But it was not until 1894 that the Postmaster-General graciously assented to the right of the public to print its own postcards.

Some indication of the enormous extent to which the postcard hobby has grown may be gathered from the official returns. During 1903 the inhabitants of Great Britain posted no fewer than 613,000,000 postcards. A postal authority computed that out of this huge total the picture postcards actually posted during the year were 450,000,000!

Last year the post-office officials at several popular summer resorts noted the number of picture postcards passing through their hands during the holiday season—June to August. It will be sufficient to quote the results obtained at one town—Blackpool. The weekly average amounted to 215,000, and during the first week in August the total reached was no fewer than 300,000.

During Coronation year, hundreds of thousands of cards bearing His Majesty's portrait were disposed of weekly. At the last election of Members of Parliament, the pictorial card played an important part, being employed by both sides to help their cause.

At Christmas time, the picture postcard has largely taken the place of its more ancient relative; millions of them passed through the post-office last Yuletide. Producers are hoping that in the future the sending of greetings during the festive season will be confined entirely to the medium of the simple picture card. Here alone is another enormous field for enterprise.

It is found that when a really artistic card is produced, there is always a rush for it. This was amply shown in the case of the series of Asti's exquisitely coloured heads. These have been unquestionably the most popular postcard ever issued. And no wonder. They are chromographed in twenty separate printings after the original

*By permission of* *The Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

Postcards of stage-favourites are very popular. Miss Phyllis Dare ties with her sister, Zena, in possessing the third largest circulation.

*By permission of* *The Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

Miss Gertie Millar, the "pride of the Gaiety," runs the Misses Dare very close as regards postcard popularity.

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*From a "Tuck" postcard, by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.*

There has been an enormous rush for the series to which this card belongs. The cards are printed in colour, and were most expensive to produce.

*By permission of Messrs. Wrench.*

There are many postcards of children, but this is one of the most popular. The pretty little model certainly deserves to attract attention.

oil paintings from the Paris *salon*. The result is charming.

It is asserted that more money was spent in the preparation of these cards than upon any other series published since pictorial cards came into vogue. But the publishers have been well rewarded. As fast as the cards are printed they are forwarded direct to retailers, who sell them like the proverbial hot cakes.

Next in popularity must be placed the card depicting the comic little figure of a kitten which is supposed to be plaintively calling for its "ma." The original picture was submitted to Messrs. Wrench, its publishers, in the ordinary way, and was immediately accepted. The expression on the kitten's face is irresistible. One must smile on catching sight of it.

On publication, it soon became evident that the firm had been fortunate in its selection. In London alone, during the first day or two, nearly 30,000 copies were sold, and the machines, as this article is being written, cannot turn out a sufficient number of copies to meet the demand. It is anticipated that quite half-a-million will be distributed among the public by the time this article appears in print.

During the last year or two the picture postcard portraits of actresses and actors have become marvelously popular. The fact that a real photograph of a celebrity of the stage can be sold for the small sum of twopence, is in itself sufficient to account for the patronage of the public at large.

The photographs constitute one more marvel of modern science. Each card is exposed to light direct from the negative (just as ordinary photographs are printed), and then developed in continuous bands on special machinery. These real photographs are largely the production of the Rotary Photo Company, who have made a speciality of the process.

This firm estimates its usual output at one

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*By permission of* *Messrs. Wrench.*

An extremely popular card. No doubt the sentimental attraction of the fine old veteran has something to do with the large sale this card enjoys.

*by permission of* *The Rotary Photo Co. Ltd.*

Two stage favourites—Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks—who are always in demand in postcard form.

million cards every week, necessitating the use of 20,000 yards of sensitive material 34 in. wide! Thus, in the course of a year, more than 50,000,000 photographs are issued by this firm alone. And there are others.

The great majority of these photographs are those of celebrities, mainly theatrical. It is almost unnecessary to add that the largest number are of well-known actresses appearing on the London stage.

On the present writer putting the question to the proper authority, "Whose portrait has the largest sale?" a little pardonable hesitation ensued. It was a rather delicate question to answer. But journalistic curiosity had to be satisfied. So it was somewhat reluctantly admitted that Miss Marie Studholme came first, Miss Gabrielle Ray a close second, whilst the two sisters, Misses Zena and Phyllis Dare, practically tied for third place. Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Gertie Millar are also immense favourites with postcard purchasers.

Picture postcards illustrating military subjects are always extremely popular, Guardsmen for choice—particularly those fine fellows who are chosen to sit upon their chargers at Whitehall to give the ladies a treat, and, incidentally, to act as sentries. "The Military in London" is a series of cards the sale of which has surpassed anything in the same line ever published, and will doubtless hold its own for a long time to come.

Another marvelously popular postcard in the military line is that of a fine old specimen of the Yeoman of the Guard on sentry at one of the gates of the Tower of London. Reproduced in colours on the card, it is something that attracts attention at once, and as everybody admires those gallant veterans in their picturesque garb, it is perhaps no cause for wonder that nearly 350,000 of this particular card have been sold since its issue.

The two examples of pretty children reproduced in these pages are to be regarded as the most popular of a large family of youngsters in the postcard world. Though by no means approaching the "circulation" of prominent actresses, the originals can boast of a sale running into five figures—at least, the eldest can; the baby does not yet speak.

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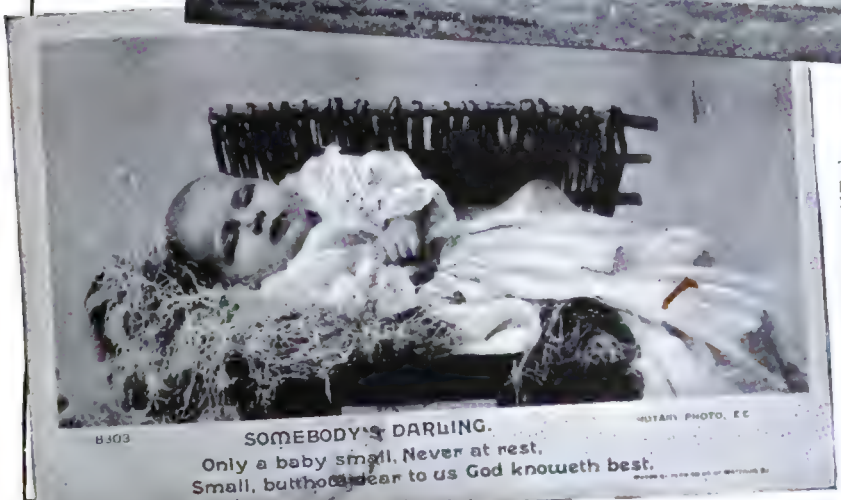
Mechanical subjects are not particularly popular. The line series, "Famous Expresses," however, of which this is one, has had a ready sale.

*Reproduced from a "Tuck" postcard by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.*

This is a card in the very popular series, "The Military in London." There is a good demand for picture postcards of soldiers.

*Reproduced from a "Tuck" postcard by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.*




There are many postcards of pretty children, but this is one of the most popular. The lines beneath it would naturally appeal to a mother's heart.

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# Real Life Romances.

*The Editor Particularly Invites Readers to Contribute to this Feature. All Accepted Contributions will be Paid for Liberally.*

## A Tale of a Telephone.

**TELLING HOW IT ENDED.**

"WHIRR, whirr," went the telephone wheel. The young hotel proprietor of Kiel shook the instrument furiously.

Why did the girl not answer?

"Whirr, whirr"—was there no one at the Exchange?

"Whirr, whirr." He would complain. With such a staff at the Exchange, business would soon come to a standstill.

"Whirr, whirr." Was not the bell ringing itself to pieces at the other end? Yet no one would answer.

"Hullo—are you there?" he shouted.

"Yes." This at the end of a full ten minutes.

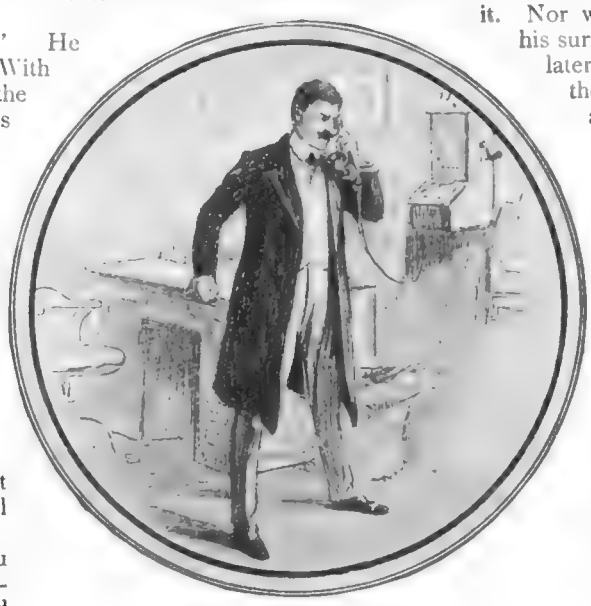
"Why did you not answer before?" demanded the young hotel proprietor. . . . "Busy, indeed" (contemptuously) . . . "I will report you. It is disgraceful the way you have kept me here," he added, still more enraged at the girlish voice answering at the other end of the telephone.

"Do so," came back with some spirit.

"I will. What is your name? I'll come round at once. Disgraceful." With these remarks he concluded, and giving full vent to his feelings, added "You are an impudent slut!"

Two days later a letter lay before the young proprietor as he sat at breakfast. The contents did not appear to please him. Here was a fix! The telephone girl had actually the audacity to bring an action for slander against him. What in the world was he to do? His breakfast passed untouched.

"Confound the girl," he murmured. "The impudent hussy." Yet he felt that the law would not view the matter in the same light in which he himself was disposed to place it. Nor was he mistaken in his surmise, for some days later he left the Court the poorer by a fine, and the richer by a little kindly advice from the judge on the subject of manners.



"You are an impudent slut!"

Still, he did not mind that much. What he did mind was "the impudent slut." He had seen her in the Court, and, thereupon, had instantly changed his opinion on the remarks that he had addressed to her.

So much so had he changed that the next afternoon he called and apologised to the pretty telephone girl. After this introduction he saw her often. And when he did not, he spoke to her through the telephone, and sent only the politest messages imaginable. Later, he discovered a word which, translated from the German, means "dear," and, still later, his grammar kindly provided him with its superlative.

So, to-day, the telephone girl and the handsome young hotel proprietor of Kiel are married.

The young lady often reflects on the way in which good can come out of evil, but she is always amused to think that her husband came to her *vid* the police-court.

Still, better he should come thus than not at all.

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# "You Must Have Been a Good Boy!"

### A STORY OF THE COURRIÈRES MINE.

THE scene of the following Romance is the Courrières mine, the time nearly three weeks after the terrible disaster.

A mingled crowd — gendarmes, frenzied women, and enraged miners—stood at the mouths of the various pit shafts.

Suddenly a great cry arose from Pit 2. More survivors had been discovered. Everyone rushed to the mouth of the shaft, where, from the cage staggered thirteen men and boys, each supported by a comrade.

Amongst them was Ninny, the man who had led these worn-out men to safety, and Pruvost, his gallant second.

This is what had happened:

Ninny and Carlier, the foreman of his gang, were at work in the Courrières mine. Suddenly a loud, but deadened thud resounded in the dark passages. The place was filled with poisonous gases.

"The mine has blown up," each man whispered, and paled in the darkness.

Ninny now took the lead.

At the bottom of an incline the lights of their lanterns shone upon a thick, yellowish fog. Noises filled the air. The sound of axes fell plainly on their ears. Six men joined the little party.

A day passed. One by one the lamps flickered out, until the men were left in darkness. Time now merged into one continuous night. When their watches ran down they knew that another twenty-four hours had passed. Death lay around them. They felt it in the air. Despair was in every heart, save in Ninny's. He alone spoke of rescue, and urged the men not to give up hope. Thus time went on. Food and water the miners found in plenty. Bread was in the knapsacks of the men that had perished.

Then one day the sound of rolling trucks came to them. "The mine is not destroyed entirely," each thought, and each took hope.

For of course the trucks could not roll by themselves, and the sound must mean that their comrades were working to effect a rescue.

It was Ninny, always Ninny, who cheered and put new heart into his comrades.

"Courage, *mes braves!*" he would cry; "only have a little more patience, and we are certain to be saved. Think of the gallant fellows working to rescue us. They will never give in till we are safe."

But for all that, as the days passed, here and there a miner began to lose hope.

"It is more than a fortnight now since we were entombed, Ninny," one would say. "I fear we shall never see our wives and children again. It makes me sad when I think that probably my little Lucienne will never run to meet her father again."

"You speak like a coward," Ninny would reply angrily. "You do not deserve to see your Lucienne anymore."

Then on a sudden, great joy filled all hearts. Men were advancing towards them.

Nineteen days had now passed. Then on a sudden, great joy filled all hearts. Men were advancing towards them. They were saved—Ninny had led them to safety.

* * * *

A happy wife sat at Ninny's bedside. Near him, in the same ward, lay Pruvost. On the breast of each man gleamed the Cross of the Legion of Honour, pinned there that morning by the French Minister of Works.

A little boy approached the bed on which Ninny lay—Ninny, the hero, whose name was seen in every newspaper in the world. For a minute the child gazed rapturously at the medal. "You must have been a good boy at school, dear papa," he burst forth at length, "to win such a pretty medal as that."

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# A Fearful Fall.

### THE ROMANCE OF A WOOLWORKER.

SOME years ago a carrier's cart drove slowly into Manchester Road, Bradford.

The cart was loaded with bales of wool, which were consigned to a neighbouring factory.

Pulling up before the warehouse, the driver proceeded leisurely to descend from his vehicle and buckle on his horses' nose-bags before commencing to unload the wool.

The bales were required on the seventh storey of the big wool warehouse.

"We shall have to hoist them with the crane, one by one," said the foreman to the carrier.

"That'll mean a long job," replied the man, "and I'm in a hurry."

"I can't help it," returned the foreman; "you mustn't leave them in the street."

The carrier retired to his cart grumbling, while the foreman directed one of his men to stand by the crane door and swing in the bales after they had been hoisted up.

Down he fell, thinking that his last hour had come.

Wool bales are hoisted by means of a small crane which swings from the warehouse wall. When not in use the crane swings back flat against the bricks, but if anything is to be hoisted, it is pushed out at right angles to the wall.

A chain runs over a pulley at the end of the crane. This chain has a hook at one end, which is attached to the bales, and by means of this they are hoisted.

A man stands in a doorway by the crane, and when the bale has been hoisted and swung inward, he unhooks it and pushes it on one side to make room for the next.

The workman performing this operation at the Manchester Road warehouse was well used to the work. Bale after bale of wool came up, and he duly landed them.

As the last bale but one was going up, the carrier said to a couple of by-standers:

"There's only one more; will you hook it on if I leave it? I want to be off."

They agreed, so he unloaded the bale and drove away.

The workman at the crane-door in the seventh storey unhooked the last bale but one.

As the crane swung back, however, the chain caught in his clothes and knocked him into space.

Down he fell, thinking that his last hour had come.

Scenes in his past life rose before his eyes like a flash during the brief duration of the fall. He remembered the old home when he and his brothers were boys together, and how they used to go birds'-nesting and orchard-robbing.

He thought of his wife, and wondered what she would do or say when he was carried home, if not a corpse, at least seriously injured.

Providentially, he landed on the bale of wool the carrier had left, and this broke his fall, although he bounced off into the street.

He alighted upon the bale of wool flat on his back, and, strange to say, had no bones broken.

Shortly afterwards, his wife on her way into Bradford to do a little shopping saw what she supposed to be a drunken man surrounded by a crowd. On getting nearer she discovered that the supposed drunkard was her husband. Although much shaken, he insisted on walking to his home a mile away, though the journey took him two hours.

The workman always says that he owes his life to the fact that the carrier was in a hurry. This is no doubt true.

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# A Newfoundland Hero.

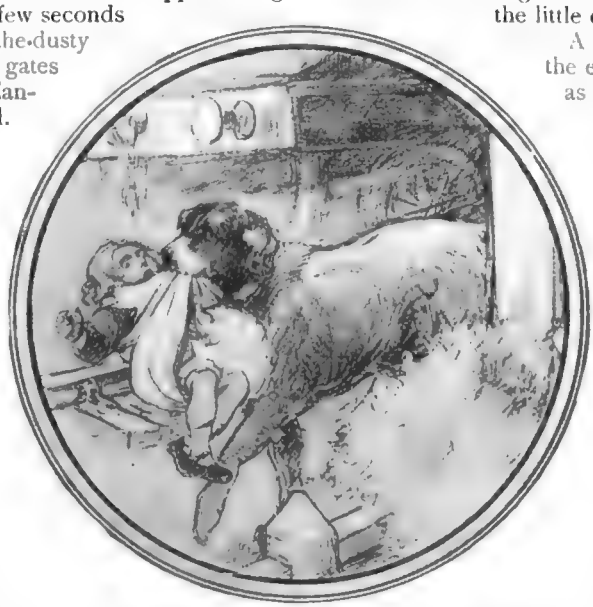
**HOW A DOG SAVED A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE.**

NEXT to man the dog undoubtedly takes the foremost place in saving life in sudden peril. Therefore it is not surprising that, when occasionally a man or woman does not figure in these romances, a dog should form the hero. In this case it is a big, handsome Newfoundland, and the story is related from the experiences of a certain engine-driver.

Glancing one day from his engine-box, the driver felt suddenly the hot, oily atmosphere that surrounded him transformed to the iciness of winter. The train was approaching a village, and in a few seconds would be crossing the dusty high-road. The gates were open. No danger loomed ahead. Yet the driver's eyes were riveted, terror-filled, upon the gleaming lines before him.

Eighty yards ahead, a tiny girl was toddling gaily straight in the path of the fast approaching train.

With a cry of horror the driver sprang to the brakes, whilst with his other hand he released the whistle.



A great Newfoundland dog bearing in its mouth the little child.

The train rocked under the sudden check of the brakes. With hand still on the whistle the driver glanced again through the window. The child was still toddling on, unconscious of the fast advancing train.

Now only a few yards lay between the baby and the groaning engine.

The train could not be stopped in time. Shuddering, the driver turned away, covering his eyes with his hands to blot out the tragedy.

The train drew up.

Someone laid a hand on the driver's shoulder, and the fireman's voice rang out, demanding to know what had occurred, and why the train had pulled up. Speechless still with horror, the driver gazed absently into the grimy face of his comrade, who, shovel in hand, returned his glance with amazed eyes.

Perceiving that something had happened, the fireman, leaning outside the coach, looked down the line.

Then a roar of laughter fell on the driver's ears.

"Well, I never!" he heard the man exclaim, as he turned half-bewilderedly to the scene.

There, a few yards ahead, and slowly making towards a cottage, was a great Newfoundland dog bearing in its mouth the little child.

A great load fell from the engine-driver's mind as he realised what had happened. The dog had snatched the little girl from a certain death.

"Look at the dawg, look!" cried the fireman, holding his sides in laughter. But the driver passed his hand across his eyes. He was thinking of his own little girl miles away at home.

What would his feelings have been if *she* had strayed in front of a train and there had been no gallant Newfoundland to come to the rescue?

Meanwhile the big dog trotted sedately home with his burden to a neighbouring cottage. Here the child's mother held up her hands in astonishment to see her daughter come home in such an extraordinary manner.

"How did Carlo come to carry you home like that?" she exclaimed.

Before the child could reply, a porter came running in:

"Well, mum," he said, "you've got to thank your dog that your baby ain't killed. He picked her up right in front of a train, and carried her away. The driver was nearly frightened to death he'd killed her, until he saw the dog."



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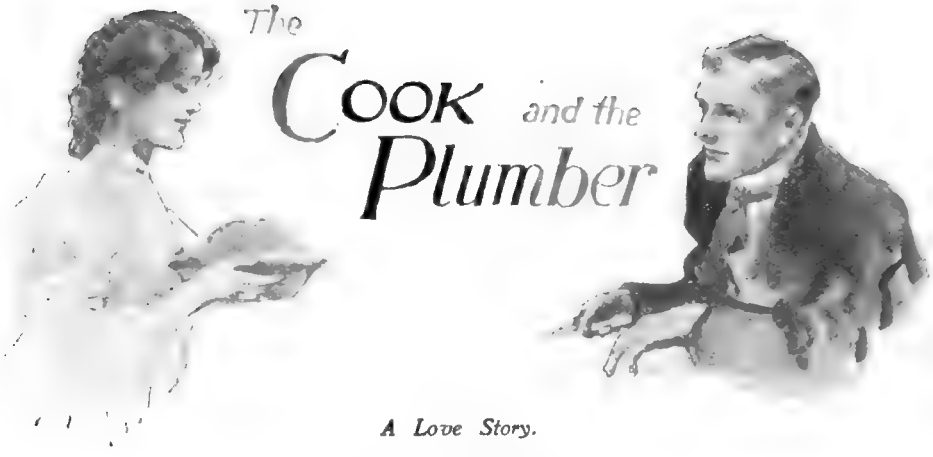

# The Cook and the Plumber

*A Love Story.*

By Una Hudson.

I.

Before Fanny Arnold came up to town to spend the winter with her married sister she had been preceded by a letter from her mother, setting forth in no equivocal terms the fact that family finances were at a very low ebb, and begging that Beatrice would, if she could, "do something" for Fanny.

Beatrice understood, and promptly took a mental inventory of all the eligible young men she knew.

"Arthur Wentworth will do," she decided. And, being a tactless person, she said as much to Fanny.

"Do you mean to say," demanded that young lady, fairly choking with indignation, "that you're planning to marry me to a man for a *home*?"

"Of course not," Beatrice retorted spiritedly. "You know very well there wouldn't be the slightest objection to your loving him if you wanted to."

"I wouldn't," said Fanny, who had a nice little temper of her own, "marry your Mr. Wentworth *now*, even if I did love him. You'd always think I did it just to get a home."

Beatrice said "Nonsense," and went on to point out that Fanny owed something to her family.

"If you mean," said Fanny, who was as sensitive as she was high-spirited, "that I've become a burden to them, why don't you say so plainly? I—I can work, you know."

Beatrice laughed, not unkindly, but it jarred on Fanny's nerves.

"I suppose you think I can't?" she cried hotly.

"My dear Fanny," Beatrice said in the forbearing tone one adopts towards a wilful child, "what can you do?"

"I can——" began Fanny impetuously. Then she stopped, for she was finding herself confronted by a formidable array of the things she could *not* do.

"I can cook," she finished triumphantly, urged on by Beatrice's expression of tolerant amusement.

Beatrice laughed outright.

"That is absurd," she said. "Besides, you couldn't get a place even if you tried."

Now, as Beatrice should have known, to tell Fanny that she could not do a thing was equivalent to daring her to do it. And Fanny never could resist being dared.

When Beatrice was safely out of the way attending to household duties, Fanny picked up the morning paper, and turned to the "Situations Vacant" column. She copied some addresses from the paper, put on her plainest gown and most inconspicuous hat, and started out.

Two hours later she came back. The light of triumph was in her eye.

"I just wanted to get my trunk," she explained airily.

"To get your trunk!" Beatrice gasped.

"I've secured a position as cook in a family of two," Fanny elucidated. "I get twenty pounds a year, and——"

"Fanny! Not really!" gasped her amazed and horrified sister.

"Honest Injun!" Fanny declared solemnly.

"Then," said Beatrice cuttingly, "all I have to say is that somebody was badly in need of a cook."

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"Yes," Fanny returned placidly, "that's what she said."

"Anybody who would take a girl without a reference-——" Beatrice went on.

"I had a reference," Fanny interrupted calmly.

"Fanny! Are you trying to tell me that you had the effrontery to sign *my* name to your reference?"

"I signed my own name to it," Fanny explained with dignity. "I said that Kate—that's my middle name, please remember—had cooked for Mrs. William Arnold for three years—that's perfectly true—and that I could recommend her as being entirely honest and capable and reliable. And when Mrs. Ellwood ——"

"Fanny! *Not* Mrs. Ellwood of Dean Street?"

"Yes, that's the one. I rather thought that she knew you, for when I happened to mention that I'd been living in your mother's family—I have you know—she just snapped me up."

Beatrice groaned. "Oh, Fanny," she begged piteously, "tell me that you're *not* going to *cook* for *Mrs. Ellwood*. That's too dreadful to be true."

Fanny's soft mouth hardened stubbornly. "But I am," she insisted.

"But Mrs. Ellwood of all people," bemoaned the wretched Beatrice. "Oh, it's impossible. And when it becomes known that my sister——"

"I didn't take the place as your sister," Fanny explained patiently. "I am Kate Morris, your own mother's former cook. And ——"

"But you *are* my sister, and——"

"But I'll never mention it," Fanny assured her earnestly.

Beatrice groaned. Then she began to cry.

"I'm of age," said Fanny, rubbing it in, "so I've a legal right to do as I please. And if things are as bad with papa as you say they are I've a moral right to go out and earn money if I can. And I'm sure it's a great deal more — more respectable to cook for your living than to marry for a home."

After which parting shot Fanny went upstairs to pack her trunk, and Beatrice flew to her husband's office. He listened patiently, but offered small comfort.

"Let her alone," he counselled. "She can't come to any harm with the Ellwoods, and she'll soon tire of it. Then she'll be glad enough to come back to us."

II.

During the absence of the clerk whose duty it was to attend to the telephone, Mr. Wentworth, senior, himself answered the call.

"Foster," he said, turning from the instrument, "here's an urgent call for a plumber. Got a man who can go?"

"The men are all out," said Foster. "Couldn't possibly send anyone before to-morrow morning. It's four o'clock now."

"Got an urgent order, dad?" called his son. Arthur Wentworth was book-keeper for Wentworth and Co.

"Yes," the old gentleman explained, "from the Ellwoods'. And I'd like to send someone up. Ellwood's building some flats, and he may put the plumbing in our hands. He hasn't settled the contract yet, and just a little thing like that might turn the scale."

"I'll go, dad," Arthur offered promptly. "You know I'm just as good a plumber as any of them. I'll slip off home and change in to some old clothes and go to them at once. You tell 'em."

There was pride in the old man's eyes as he watched his son's tall figure swing on to the pavement. "That boy knows the business from the ground up," he muttered. Then he turned back to the telephone.

III.

The "plumber" found Mrs. Ellwood struggling with a leak in one of the water pipes. It was rather a bad leak, and she greeted him effusively, and began an excited recital of her woes.

Arthur Wentworth mumbled something that sounded sympathetic, and Mrs. Ellwood beamed on him. The plumber who was there last, she remembered, had been very grumpy, and the echo of unprintable language had drifted up more than once through the open door.

"You'd better," advised Arthur, "draw off all the water you'll need for a couple of hours. I'll have to turn it off."

Mrs. Ellwood went upstairs and filled pails and jugs. Then, with a mind entirely at ease, she went back to her embroidery. A capable cook and a competent plumber in the same house were almost too good to be true.

The leak proved difficult to stop. The kitchen clock struck five, and the plumber still worked on. It could not by any possible chance be an oversight on his part, for

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that particular clock always announced the hour with a whirr and rumble like a fire-alarm.

At six Mrs. Ellwood met her husband in the hall. "Oh, Henry," she began, "we had to send for a plumber, and——"

"Eleanor," interrupted her disgusted husband, "much as I love you, if you can't find something pleasant to say I'd rather you didn't meet me at all."

"*And he's still here!*" Mrs. Ellwood finished in triumphant italics.

"Great Scott, working overtime!" said Mr. Ellwood. "What's his name, and where did he come from?"

"We got him from Wentworth's shop," explained Mrs. Ellwood.

"Then that settles it," declared Mr. Ellwood. "They get my plumbing contract. To be sure, their figures are a little higher than some of the others, but I'm sure they'll prove the most satisfactory in the long run, cheapest, too, perhaps. But that's not rewarding this particular plumber. He deserves something more personal. Eleanor, you must see that he gets something decent to eat."

Mrs. Ellwood hesitated. "He must dine with the cook," she said. "And yet—I cannot somehow get over the feeling that cook is a lady in disguise. Her manners are so nice, and she *manicures her nails*."

"Oh, she'll not mind," said Mr. Ellwood easily. Mr. Ellwood was a man for whom there existed but one woman in the world. Had he been put under oath, he probably couldn't have testified as to whether his cook were white or black. "Everybody knows," he assured Mrs. Ellwood, "that cooks and plumbers are on the same social plane. Why, they frequently marry."

So Mrs. Ellwood gathered her skirts about her and descended into the cellar. She hesitatingly proffered her dinner invitation, and the pseudo plumber grinned inwardly. He was about to return a courteous refusal, when the cook came down and walked to a shelf just over his head. She took down a jar of jam and returned upstairs. Mr. Wentworth straightened up and looked after her. Then he accepted the invitation with fervency, and Mrs. Ellwood went back upstairs, her whole being pleasantly permeated with the consciousness of a good deed nobly done.

IV.

The plumber washed his hands and face at the kitchen sink, and wiped them on the clean towel the cook offered him. Now that his face was clean, Fanny mentally decided that he was distinctly good-looking.

The plumber hung the towel on the hook Fanny indicated, and there ensued an interval of embarrassed silence. It was a novel situation for both, and neither of the two knew what the etiquette of the occasion demanded.

Finally: "It's a pleasant evening, don't you think?" the plumber remarked politely.

Fanny laughed outright. "Oh," she said, "are we reduced to talking about the weather?"

The plumber laughed with her. "I hope not," he said. "But, you know, we had to make a beginning somewhere. Do let me help you. I believe I could do that almost as well as you can."

Fanny handed him the fork with which she had been spearing baked potatoes out of the oven. "You may try," she said graciously.

"Now," said the plumber, when he had finished with the potatoes, "I'm going to fill your coal-scuttle."

"The key to the coal-cellar," said Fanny, speaking over her shoulder as she passed into the dining-room, "hangs on the nail beside the door."

The plumber took down the key, picked up the empty coal-scuttle, and went out.

"Carrying in coal is no job for a woman," he grumbled when he came back. "Why don't they get you a gas range?"

Fanny blushed with pleasure at this evidence of his thought for her comfort, and went on laying the kitchen table for two.

"They'll have finished soon," she said, nodding towards the dining-room, "and then we'll have our dinner."

When a little later the plumber faced her over what remained of the salmon, he was surprised to find how greatly he was enjoying the situation.

"Oh, I say," he demanded joyfully, "isn't this a lark? It's like a pic-nic, only more so."

Fanny smiled back at him. "It's so much nicer than eating one's dinner alone," she said.

It was the first time that she had ever met a plumber at close range, and she was surprised to find this one so like the men to whom she was accustomed. He was, she reflected, not at all like the milkman, and very different from the man who came to take orders for groceries.

"And what a jolly dinner!" went on the plumber enthusiastically. "You *can* cook, can't you?"

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Fanny blushed and dimpled. To be sure the Ellwoods were lavish in their praise of her culinary efforts, but the appreciation of a nice young man was a thing apart and vastly more delightful.

"I like a domestic girl," said the plumber, waxing confidential, "one who'd stay at home after a chap married her, and do things about the house, and love him, and — well — just make a home for him, you know."

Fanny nodded. "Yes, I know," she said. "And you're quite right. When a man works for a woman and takes care of her, he has a right to expect that. And the woman who wouldn't give it would be a very poor sort." She sighed and clasped her hands on the table-cloth. "I don't believe," she said, "that women who've never earned their own money half realise how hard it is to get, or they'd not be so unappreciative of what their husbands do for them as some of them are."

Now that his face was clean, Fanny mentally decided that he was distinctly good-looking.

The plumber thought he understood. It had never occurred to him to commiserate his mother's cook, who was fat and forty, but *not* fair, but this cook was quite unlike any he had ever seen before. She was, in fact, very like the girls he knew, with this difference, however, that she was vastly more charming.

"Pretty hard working for yourself?" he suggested sympathetically.

Fanny lifted her head proudly. Her two months as cook for Mrs. Ellwood had in no wise broken her spirit or lessened her sturdy independence.

"It's the lesser of two evils," she said.

Young Wentworth looked a question, and because in his eyes she read much honest, kindly sympathy, she plunged into a torrent of confidences.

"I came to visit my sister," she said. "She is—well, I think I'll not tell you who she is, she probably wouldn't like it—and papa had been unfortunate about money, though I didn't know it, and she wanted me" —Fanny choked wrathfully at the remembrance—"she wanted me to marry a man for a home, and I wouldn't; it's so hideous to

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marry for anything but just love. And so I came here to cook for Mrs. Ellwood."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Wentworth, fired with admiration of the girl, "I like your pluck, yes, and your principles, too."

"Really?" said Fanny blushing. "Oh, it's such a comfort to find one person who approves. Bea—my sister regularly had a fit. His name," she went on reminiscently, "was Arthur Wentworth."

The owner of the name started. "You didn't meet him," he said. And Fanny never noticed that there was less of question than of assertion in the remark.

"I ran away," she said, "before Bea—my sister had a chance to present him."

"But, you know," Mr. Wentworth suggested, "if you'd only waited to see him you might have liked him tremendously. You might even have fallen in love with him."

Fanny shook her head. "I couldn't possibly," she said decidedly, "not after that. He might be ever so nice, but I couldn't *let* myself fall in love with him."

"My name," said Mr. Wentworth, with suspicious haste and an utter disregard of veracity, "is Brown—Richard Brown."

Fanny laughed. "One might almost think," she said, "that you thought that I thought that you might be Arthur Wentworth. But, of course, I know you're not. He isn't a plumber. Oh, dear, I beg your pardon. Really, I didn't mean——"

The supposed plumber came gallantly to her relief. "That's all right," he said. "We can't all be born with silver spoons in our mouths, you know. And, anyhow, plumbing's a good, honest trade."

"Oh, is it?" Fannie laughed saucily. "Do you know, I've heard plumbers called highway robbers."

"That," said Mr. Wentworth-Brown, "is a conscienceless slander. And to prove it I'm coming back to-morrow night to look after the kitchen range—free, gratis, *for nothing!*"

"I didn't know anything was the matter with it," Fanny observed innocently.

"It's not quite all it should be," Mr. Brown explained. "Might as well take it in time, you know."

Then he ate two pieces of Mrs. Ellwood's cook's very excellent pie, and afterwards helped her to wash up the dinner dishes. The kitchen clock had boomed ten before he finally took his reluctant departure.

"I'll bet," he decided as he walked home, "that she's Mrs. Barrington's sister. Barrington told me that they expected her to visit them, and he asked me to call. And to think how she just taken to her heels and run away from me. She's a plucky little girl. I wonder, now, if she could learn to love just a plain plumber?"

V.

"That plumber we had to mend the leak in the cellar is certainly a most obliging person," Mrs. Ellwood observed to her husband. "He has tinkered up the kitchen range, and he's always dropping in to see if the water pipes are in order and other things."

"H'm," said Mr. Ellwood suspiciously. "Hadn't you better ask him how much all this civility on his part is going to cost us?"

"He said there would be no charge," Mrs. Ellwood explained.

"Humph!" said her husband.

Mr. Ellwood did not believe in disinterested goodness.

It was about this time that Mrs. Ellwood's cook began to take an almost personal interest in her employer's monthly bills.

"I do think," she told Mrs. Ellwood, "that two people could live on a lot less than you do, ma'am. You buy such expensive meat. I'm sure foreign meat would do quite as well. And you can make a very good cake with only two eggs and a tablespoonful of butter."

"She's a perfect wonder—that cook who came from your mother," Mrs. Ellwood enthusiastically told her friend Mrs. Barrington. "I don't see why you didn't take her yourself. My dear, our bills for meat and groceries are nothing, just nothing at all. And she gives us the best of things to eat!"

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Barrington somewhat stiffly, "I'm glad that she's giving satisfaction."

"Mrs. Barrington doesn't like it one bit," Mrs. Ellwood told her husband that night, "when I talk about Kate. I'm convinced that she wishes she'd taken her herself. Her cook is dreadfully incompetent, she told me so, and so wasteful. Why, their bills are three times as large as ours."

A month later a little worried line began to show on Mrs. Ellwood's smooth forehead.

"That plumber—Brown, Kate says his name is—is still coming here," she complained to her husband. "And he doesn't seem to do much work. Oh, Henry, you don't suppose he comes to see Kate?"

"Well, I don't imagine," said Mr. Ellwood, with a clumsy attempt at repartee, "that he comes to see *you*."

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VI.

A few evenings later Mr. Ellwood met Mr. Wentworth at his club.

"My wife's got a rod in pickle for you," he chuckled.

"Your wife!" ejaculated the old gentleman. He had never, to the best of his knowledge, met Mrs. Ellwood, and why she should "have a rod in pickle" for him he couldn't imagine.

"You remember that plumber you sent us in an emergency a couple of months back?" Mr. Ellwood went on.

Mr. Wentworth nodded. "Couldn't tell him from the real thing," was his mental comment.

"We think he's going to marry our cook," said Mr. Ellwood, who didn't in the least know what he was doing.

"The dickens he is!"

Mr. Wentworth, purple with rage, grabbed his hat and made for the door. In his haste he neglected to explain his relationship to the supposed plumber, and Mr. Ellwood gazed after him, his mouth half open from sheer amazement.

"Well, of all the cheerful idiots!" he managed to ejaculate at last. "Just as though his plumber couldn't marry whomsoever he pleased.

Just at that time Mrs. Ellwood was holding a conversation with Mrs. Barrington over the telephone.

"Miss Benton's address," she was saying, "is 224 James Street. She has sewed for me for three years, and she can do anything except a tailor-made gown.—I think you'll like her work. Just tell her I sent you. Oh, do you know, I'm afraid I'm going to lose my cook. —What?—I said *lose my cook*. There's been a young man coming here to see her for some time.—*Young man to see her*.—Yes.—A plumber, oh, a very worthy person, I've no doubt, and I think they're engaged, and —Central, Central, why have you cut me off? Oh, you haven't cut me off? You say there's no one at the other end? But I'm sure there is. There must be. I was talking

**They dispensed with the formality of knocking, which proved more or less embarrassing for everybody.**

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to her just now.—Very well, Central, but I'm quite sure you're mistaken. I tell you I was talking to her just now."

Which explains why some thirty minutes later an agitated lady and a purple and apologetic gentleman met on Mrs. Ellwood's doorstep. That lady herself answered their frantic ringing, and as she could make neither head nor tail of their incoherent demands beyond the bare fact that they both seemed desirous of interviewing her cook, she at once led the way to the kitchen.

In their hurry they dispensed with the formality of knocking, which proved more or less embarrassing for everybody concerned, because they burst in upon a tableau that need not be explained in detail.

Over a sturdy masculine shoulder Mrs. Ellwood's cook had a glimpse of her enraged sister.

"You're just too late, Beatrice," she cried defiantly triumphant. "I love him and I'm going to marry him. And I don't care what you say—plumbing's a perfectly nice and respectable trade."

Fanny's "plumber," still keeping a tight grip on his beloved, twisted about and faced one sorely perplexed woman, one amazed one, and one outraged man.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Barrington," he said, with what was, considering the circumstances, really amazing self-possession. "Hello, dad." And, as an afterthought: "This is really an—er—very unexpected pleasure."

Mrs. Barrington levelled a finger in the direction of Mr. Wentworth-Brown, the pseudo plumber.

"Is *he*," she demanded of Mrs. Ellwood, "the plumber?"

Mrs. Ellwood nodded mutely. Her emotions were too varied for words.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Barrington with much fervour. Then, being a person who always rose to the occasion, she devoted herself to soothing Mr. Wentworth, senior, who was breathing forth inarticulate threats against a good many people in general and his son and Mrs. Ellwood's "cook" in particular.

It was then that Fanny Arnold began to get at the true state of affairs.

"*Who* is that?" she demanded, with a finger impolitely pointed at her future father-in-law.

"That," explained the gentleman's son, "is my father. His name is—er—Wentworth."

"But I thought you were a plumber," said Fanny reproachfully. "And you said your name was Brown."

"I'm sure I'm as good as any plumber," insisted the man whose name was *not* Brown. "And 'what's in a name' anyhow?"

"Nothing," returned Fanny promptly, "nothing at all, dear, so long as you are you."

Mrs. Ellwood's mouth twisted into a rueful smile. "I always knew," she said, addressing her erstwhile cook, "that you were too good to be true."

## WHAT TO WEAR.

**When Phyllis, tired of life in towns,**
**Seeks change and country air,**
**The question is, what kind of gowns**
**And hats she ought to wear?**

**She can't wear red because, you see—**
**Though everyone allows**
**The colour suits her to a "T"—**
**It would annoy the cows.**

**Her new blue muslin would be sure**
**To catch on thorns and twigs,**
**And tear to rags—while, what is more,**
**It mightn't please the pigs.**

**Caught in the rain, that sweet rose pink**
**Would (sure as eggs are eggs)**
**Begin to run—you'd really think**
**Some colours must have legs.**

**She doesn't want, you understand,**
**To make herself *too* smart;**
**Nor wish, upon the other hand,**
**To *under* dress the part.**

**But, in the end, she always goes**
**And packs, with tender care,**
**Her finest frills and furbelows**
**To make the rustics stare!**

**Ada Leonora Harris.**

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# RIPE STRAWBERRIES

An encampment of strawberry pickers.

*How the Delicious Fruit is Grown and Harvested.*

By H. J. Holmes.

Like its distant cousin, the rose-tree, the strawberry-plant has been improved immensely from generation to generation by careful culture. Three hundred years ago it was not much better than any other despised wayside parasite. It grew wild; its fruit was small and poor in flavour. Early in the seventeenth century somebody took an interest in its welfare. It was then first brought under cultivation.

Afterwards it was mated with emigrants of the same family from other European countries and from America. The result of the union proved satisfactory. Successive generations of gardeners continued experiments in crossing and re-crossing various species. The best result, up to date, is the production of the "Royal Sovereign" variety. Compare the wild strawberry of our country lanes with such a highly-cultivated specimen as the "Sovereign"—well, there is really no comparison!

And there are scores of other cultivated varieties which would, as it were, turn up their noses in disdain if reminded that their original progenitor was scarcely more than a wayside weed! But there is no denying that a modern strawberry is a very excellent and agreeable descendant of its wild and uncultivated ancestor.

Strawberry Land—which may be said to embrace many goodly acres in the counties of Kent and Hampshire—is in early summer a pretty sight to look upon. The hundreds of thousands of delicate green plants are brightened by the intermingling of gauzy white blossoms—the promise of a generous harvest.

The strawberry-grower has done his share in the cultivation of a first-rate crop of fruit. The rest he must leave to that very erratic individual known as the Clerk of the Weather.

The wrong and the right way to pick a strawberry. The fruit in the left hand shows how it should be picked, with just enough stalk to catch hold of. The berry in the right hand is wrongly and carelessly picked.

Few people who tickle their palates with the first strawberries of the season ever reflect on the enormous amount of care that must be expended by the cultivator of the popular mid-summer delicacy. From start to finish the great strawberry-growers of the country have an anxious time of it. The protection of the younger plants from the ravages of frost, and England's uncertain climate in autumn and winter, and the nursing and nurturing indispensable in

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early spring; the constant efforts to keep the ground clear and free from the weeds that kill worthier growth, require unrelaxed vigilance. Later, the reckless behaviour of the elements in March and April drive the wretched strawberry-grower to despair. Then, again, the sun behaves in an utterly callous way, not shining strongly enough when he is badly wanted to ripen the fruit quickly, or pouring down a furnace-like heat that rots it before it can be picked.

Therefore, when one wanders through Strawberry Land and admires the mighty fields, with their straight, unwavering, and weedless rows of matured plants, under the protecting

If the picker adopts this position he will crush as much fruit as he picks.

leaves of which the crimson beauties hang, one must not imagine that this state of affairs has arisen by the ordinary working of Nature, but by ceaseless, unremitting, and costly toil from October to July.

The most productive district in England is in Hampshire, not far from Southampton, and served by a branch South-Western line, which, in the season, shows far more devotion to the strawberry industry than to ordinary traffic.

Close by is Swanwick station, a beehive

The correct attitude for strawberry-picking. The feet must be kept well away from the plants.

of hard work from dawn to darkness, and from darkness to dawn, while the strawberry season is on. An army of helpers, which grows in numbers as time progresses, has to be sent down every year.

Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, the first few strawberry plants were introduced into the district. The soil proved to be most suitable for the successful cultivation of the fruit. Since then, at first slowly, then with an impetus indicating that the growers meant business, the industry progressed. Now, thousands of acres of land are used exclusively in the growth of the popular fruit.

The inhabitants of the whole surrounding district, from the labourer, with his tiny patch of garden, to the professional grower, with his hundreds of acres, cultivate strawberries for profit.

In May and June, when the white blossoms have given way to the hard little greenish nobs, soon to develop into most delicious fruit, the strawberry-grower becomes an exceedingly busy man. There is much to be done. One of his first duties is to protect the coming fruit from the ill-effects of rain and earth combined.

In the ordinary way, when a smart summer

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shower descends to earth, the rain-drops throw up flakes of mud, which would be sure to render the developed fruit very unattractive. To prevent this happening, there is laid down, between each row of plants, a bed of short straw, on which the berries may lie until ready for picking, safe from defilement by wet earth.

Hundreds of acres are treated thus, and the labour necessary is, of course, prodigious. The effect produced by this strewing of the extensive area under cultivation is striking in the extreme. The whiteness of the straw, the cool, deep green of the foliage of the plants, and the vivid crimson of the ripe fruit, combine to create a sight worth travelling far to see.

A group of strawberry-pickers hard at work. It is wonderful how quickly about twenty of them will pick a large field of fruit. A skilful picker can gather 8lb. of strawberries in half-an-hour.

Other preparations for the great harvest are being pushed along: the ripe fruit is always dispatched to customers in handy baskets, with a capacity of a gallon, and weighing, when full, from four to five pounds.

Some idea may be gathered as to the number of these baskets used in the whole Hampshire district throughout the short season when it is stated that last year, from Swanwick station alone, no fewer than 940,000 were dispatched to Covent Garden and other centres of distribution throughout the United Kingdom. During a very busy day so many as 42,000 baskets are sent away. And Swanwick is only one of half-a-dozen dispatching stations in the district.

Huge piles of these "gallons," as the baskets are called, have to be got ready for the arrival of the pickers.

Amongst other preparations too numerous to mention are the erection of marquees or sheds to be used in weighing, booking, addressing, and loading baskets for the railway; the securing of orders well in advance; and last, but not least, the engagement of pickers.

The real strawberry harvest begins about the first week in July. The enormous rows of plants (which in some varieties grow to a height of fifteen inches) are by this time heavily laden with fruit, which only needs the genial warmth of a summer sun to bestow that rosy blush so delightful to behold in an early strawberry.

The strong, well-nurtured plants of two or three years' growth often produce berries of abnormal size and weight, it being no strange thing for a giant of from two to three ounces

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to be picked for the market. Some berries, too, assume all sorts of fanciful shapes whilst developing.

One of the strangest freaks known in the strawberry industry was found last year on a Hampshire farm. This took the form of an extremely thick stem—about three and a half inches in circumference—from which grew no fewer than thirty-two berries!

Some species of strawberry are much more prolific than others. Three pounds' weight have been known to be picked from a single plant—very fine fruit, too.

Just before the earlier varieties of berries are ready for the market, the pickers begin to arrive. In Hampshire the delicate art of separating the fruit from the stems is mostly assigned to bodies of van-dwellers known as "travelers." These people lead a life akin to that of gipsies, but will warmly resent being credited with having any Romany blood in their veins.

When the "gallons," as 4lb. baskets are called, are full, they are carried to a marquee. Here the fruit is examined. The basket is covered with a piece of stiff paper, is addressed, and is then ready for dispatch.

On the larger farms more than 100 of these wanderers are engaged for the strawberry season. They rumble into the district in gaudily-painted vans and tilt waggons. A camp is formed. Tents and sheds, or apologies for them, are erected, and there the strange company squats for some weeks. One thing must strike a visitor to these camps: the extraordinary number of children, ragged and untidy for the most part, especially the younger ones. They make themselves useful, however, in assisting their parents in the work.

These people travel all over the country during the summer, fruit-picking being their chief source of income. The same "travelers" will come year after year to particular fruit-farms and hop-growing districts. For the most part they are experienced pickers, and, as there is a right way and a wrong way of picking a strawberry, they are preferred by growers to the casual labourer, who perhaps knows nothing of the work. Such a person spoils a good deal of fruit before he or she acquires the very requisite knowledge, so newcomers receive a lesson in the art.

They are taught to pick the berry by placing the thumb and forefinger around the stem, and snapping the latter in such a way that about an inch is left attached to the fruit. The picker's fingers never touch the berry, and the inch of stem is left for the use of the person who ultimately eats the fruit. Penalties are imposed on the pickers by the more conscientious growers should the fruit be touched by the fingers. And very rightly so.

When properly organised, the "picking" of, say, a five-acre field is not so tedious an undertaking as one might suppose. The small army of men and women is spread over a considerable space, two or three to each ridge of plants. At a signal they start.

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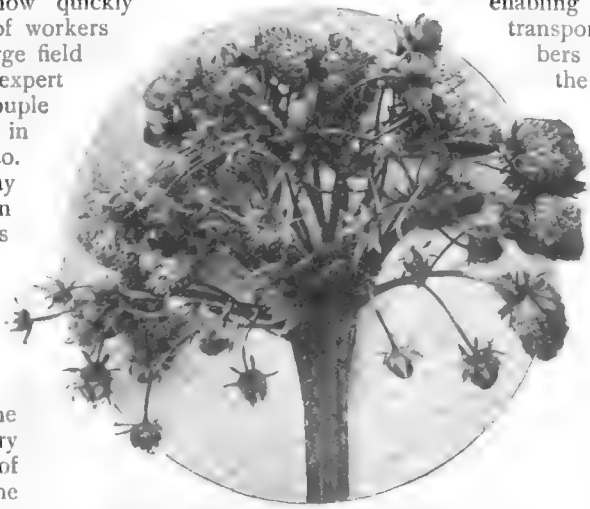
**A supply of baskets which has just been detrained. The demand for these baskets is very great during the season. From Swanwick alone 940,000 were dispatched last year to Covent Garden and other places.**

Each carries two baskets, one for "best," and the other for "seconds," and these are rapidly filled as the picker travels over the ridge.

Naturally, only the ripe fruit is picked, the ridge, by the time two or three pairs of hands have passed over it, being soon denuded of marketable fruit. The unripe berries are left for a later picking. Thus one field is entirely gone over by the pickers four or five times before the plants are completely stripped of fruit.

As soon as the baskets are filled a boy or girl is always on the spot to carry them to the examining shed or tent. The picker at the same time is supplied with a fresh pair of baskets. Working in this way it is remarkable how quickly a score or two of workers will "pick" a large field of fruit. An expert picker can fill a couple of baskets (8lb.) in half-an-hour or so. Some growers pay their pickers on "piece," others pay a regular wage. The average earnings for men and women amount to about 18s. a week.

As quickly as the boys and girls carry the "gallons" of strawberries to the dispatch tent, the fruit is carefully examined, covered neatly with a sheet of stiff white paper, on which is printed or written the name and address of the consignee, and booked.



**This strange "freak" was picked on a Hampshire farm last year. The stem was about 3½ inches thick, and bore no fewer than thirty-two berries.**

The baskets may be bound for places many hundreds of miles distant, yet there is nothing more than that sheet of paper between a would-be thief and the tempting fruit. The writer was informed that, in spite of this, a consignment almost invariably reaches its destination undisturbed. A very high compliment this to the integrity of carriers and the many railway employees through whose hands the frailly-protected baskets pass.

The carts which convey the strawberries to the nearest railway station are ingeniously built up of many shelves, thus enabling the baskets to be transported in large numbers without endangering the contents by one's weight resting on another. The same plan is adopted in all of the railway waggons leaving Swanwick station daily.

The station at their departure is a rare scene of bustle—orderly bustle. There is no unnecessary shouting, no confusion. Two trains form an avenue wide and long. The carts back up against the

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doors of the waggons, each labeled with its coming destination.

Every waggon is fitted with shelves designed to make use of every available inch of space whilst leaving room for the handling of the baskets, 600 of which are considered a good fit for each. The ventilation is perfect. One waggon is marked "Edinburgh." Every berry will be in its place when it reaches that city. It pays the various railway companies to look after the strawberry industry of southern England.

As fast as the carts arrive the brimming baskets are unloaded into the waggons. The latter in their turn are packed full, and the train is moved out to make way for another line of empty waggons, which are also filled up in due time and move out of the station. In all, six long trains leave Swanwick every day in the height of the season, including one at five a.m., packed to the doors with baskets specially labeled "morning gathered," mostly bound for Covent Garden.

One of the many large growers in the Swanwick district informed me that his average yearly dispatch of 4lb. baskets to Covent Garden and elsewhere was over 40,000. This does not include the fruit picked late, for use in a local jam factory.

London, with its six millions of people, all more or less extremely fond of strawberries, especially with cream, is responsible for the consumption of most of the fruit grown in southern counties.

Covent Garden, at all times the busiest market in the world, presents, during the early mornings of July, a sight to be remembered long afterwards.

From midnight a procession of huge railway vans, crammed almost to the horses' ears with baskets of strawberries, lines up in the surrounding streets Before dawn, the inexperienced onlooker begins to be dazed by gazing upon an apparently inextricable mass of vehicles.

But, by dint of a tremendous amount of shouting, and levering of wheels, backing of horses, and hairbreadth escapes of drivers, the strawberries are disgorged to the various consignees in the market, only to rest a few minutes before being again loaded up and on their way to the suburbs.

Such is the history of the strawberry, from the plant to the table.

Sending away strawberries. Both carts and railway vans are fitted with shelves, so as to prevent the baskets being piled on each other. Six hundred 4lb. baskets is a good load for one railway van.

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*The Story of an "Outsider's" Society Marriage.*

Some people try to make out that anyone can be a gentleman if he behaves decently. I hope I was that kind of gentleman before I had Aunt Anne's money; but you can't be the real sort unless you are born it. My father had kept a stationer's shop, and I was a clerk in a merchant's office before the legacy came. So I knew that it didn't make me one.

I don't suppose I should have tried to be one, if it hadn't been for my mother. She always fancied that I was good enough for anything, and she thought more than ever of me after my father died.

"You must go into Society, Tom," she said, when the money was paid over, "and take your proper position. You may feel a little strange at first, but you will soon get used to it; and some day you'll marry a lady, and mix with the highest in the land, as you ought to do."

"I'd rather be as I am, mother," I told her. "I don't want to mix with people who'll look down on me."

She drew herself up, like a great lady—she had rather that way.

"Nobody could look down upon my son!" she declared. She always said "my son" as if it were written in capitals.

I knew I should never persuade her to think differently, and she took things to heart after we lost the old governor. So I had to humour her; and I said I'd go into Society, if she could get me there.

I thought it was safe to promise that, because she couldn't do it; but she took me quite seriously, and wrote to the lawyer people at once. Their names were Oldham & Trust. They were two fine old gentlemen, and had done business for the nobility for hundreds of years—the firm, I mean. So they knew everybody in Society. They wrote back that they only represented the financial interests of their clients, and could not presume to interfere with their social arrangements.

I thought that disposed of the idea, but my mother's ideas aren't easily disposed of. She went up to town the next day and called upon them; and after they had talked to her they said, if I came up to their office, they would see what they could do. I suppose they thought I might be something like her.

They asked me a lot of questions about my education, and how I would act in different circumstances. They stared at me all the time over their spectacles; and at last Mr. Oldham nodded at Mr. Trust, and Mr. Trust turned round and patted me on the shoulder.

"You'll do," he said.

So it was settled that I was to go into Society.

I asked my mother to come up to town and

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go into Society with me; but she said she was too old to change, and I thought there was no need for her to. So I took a bachelor flat; and the lawyers introduced me to people, and got me asked to garden parties, and at-homes, and concerts, and dances. I felt horribly uncomfortable, but I don't think I showed it very much. I am not that sort. I knew how to dress, and speak, and dance, and I didn't make any hideous mistakes, but I made a lot of little ones. People were very civil to me, especially mothers with plain daughters (the legacy was £600,000); but I saw when they were laughing in their sleeves.

I shouldn't have minded their laughing at my blunders if they had told me what I ought to do; but they only glanced at one another for about a quarter of a second, and never helped me a bit—except Charlie Brenton. He was a lord, and the only son of the Earl of Parbury, and a real, born gentleman every inch of him—tall, and slim, and aristocratic-looking, and the same age as I was (that was twenty-five). He seemed too careless to take any trouble about anything in Society; but he was energetic enough when he played cricket, and football, and polo. I was good at sports, and that made us friendly. He gave me a lot of hints in a casual sort of way, as if he weren't saying anything. He always treated me as if I were a gentleman, and introduced me to his sister as "My friend Morrison." Her name was Mary—Lady Mary Brenton. He called her Molly. She was tall, and slight, and stately, and very beautiful. *She* treated me like a gentleman, too. That was when I first wished that I really was one.

The second time I met her I had just made an ass of myself—called people by their wrong titles, and all that sort of thing. The ladies and gentlemen looked at one another, and there was one of those pauses that I dreaded; and then Lady Mary stepped up to me and held out her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Morrison," she said. "I'm *so* relieved to see you. I can't find Charlie *anywhere*. *Would* it be too much trouble for you to take me to him?"

I knew that she only did it to help me to cover my retreat; and she didn't seem the sort to laugh at me. So I asked her right out what I had done wrong. She explained it all to me; and after that I often asked her about things.

When she left town I wanted to go home for a few months, but my mother had made up her mind that I was to go and stay with some big people for Christmas, and she was going to arrange it with the lawyers. I didn't like the idea at all, and I got in such a stew that I spoke to Charlie Brenton about it, after a football match, and told him just how I felt. At least I was going to; but he stopped me before I was half way through.

"I'm getting up a lot of footer at our place this Christmas," he said; "taking the village team in hand, you know. I've been wondering if I dare ask such a swell player as you to come down and lend me a hand. You'd be doing me a favour, if it wouldn't bore you."

He wouldn't have put it like that, if he hadn't been a real gentleman.

"I should like to come very much," I said, "because your people don't make me feel like—like an outsider, you know; but—you see, that's just why I don't like to come. I don't want to make myself a nuisance to *them*."

"Nonsense," he said. "My people like you. You see we're rather a sporting family; and we know a *man* when we meet one. So if you're sure we shan't bore you——?"

"Don't put it like that," I begged, "there's a good fellow. I—I want to come."

So I went.

I was very comfortable at the castle, and it was so home-like that I almost forgot who they were. The Countess frightened me at first, because she was such a great lady that she couldn't help being grand. But she was very kind in her grand way. The Earl was a jovial old chap, and a rare sportsman, and played good billiards and bridge, and took long walks with us, and never put on any side about anything. Lady Mary was always doing things to put me at my ease, without seeming to do them on purpose, though I knew she did. She taught me to play chess, and we played and sang together (my mother was a good musician, and I had picked up a little from her). I taught her figure-skating when it froze. I admired her tremendously; but I was a little afraid of her, because she seemed so very much a lady. I can't describe just how she was different from an ordinary pretty girl, but she was. I always felt as if I were in church when I talked to her—a big, white church, with stained glass windows.

Lady Evelyn didn't give me that sort of feeling at all, and I was friends with her directly. She was sixteen, and wore her hair in a plait, and was always up to something.

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Then Lady Mary stepped up to me and held out her hand.

She ran, and threw snowballs, and had a kick at the football when Charlie and I were practising, and did things just like a boy, and didn't care what she said. They called her "Pigtail," and I did too. She called me "Tommy," and sometimes "Crœsus." If I did anything that wasn't correct, she told me without any fuss; and I used to take her down to the village and buy her things. She said a gentleman might do that quite properly, because she was "only a kid, thank goodness!" She was the kind of girl I should have liked for a sister. When I told her so, she said she'd adopt me for a brother. I showed her my mother's photo, and Evelyn sent her a Christmas card. I think she did it to show me that she did not look down upon my people. She was very loyal to her friends, and not nearly so thoughtless as she seemed.

"You know, Tommy," she said, when we were out for a walk one afternoon, "we're frightfully poor; but Molly and I ought to put that right, because we're jolly good-looking. I consider I'm better looking than she is, though."

"You silly little Pigtail!" I said.

"Oh, well!" she said, "I am! But if I were a man and rich I'd rather marry Molly. She'll be very dutiful, and try to like him. *I* shan't."



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"Like whom?" I asked.

"The man I have to marry, of course. I shall look out for somebody frightfully old; and when he dies I shall marry somebody I like. Wouldn't you?"

"You mean that you—and your sister—will have to marry for money?" I said.

"Ye-es," she said, "if you wish it."

"That's it. Beastly, isn't it?" She whistled and looked serious for a few moments. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I'll race you to the gate," she offered, "if you'll give me a start to the tree."

We raced to the gate, which she reached first—and vaulted.

"You didn't try a bit," she said reproachfully. "Out of sorts, Tommy?"

"Whom is your sister going to marry?" I asked abruptly.

"I don't know." She looked at me curiously. "Do you?"

I suppose I turned red, or did something foolish. I cannot command my features like people who are used to Society. Anyhow, she stared hard at me, and bit her lip, and tossed her plait over her shoulder.

"I've put my foot in it," she remarked, "haven't I, Tommy?"

"Yes," I agreed, "you have. We're friends, aren't we, Pigtail?"

"Yes," she said sturdily.

"Then will you answer some questions like a real, honest friend, Pigtail?"

She looked at me for a moment, and I knew it was the real Pigtail, not the tomboy, who promised.

"Yes," she said, "honour bright."

"Then—did your brother ask me down here because—your sister—?"

She caught hold of my arm.

"No," she cried. "No! He never thought a word about it. Neither did father. *Mother did!*"

"And—your sister?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know what Molly thought. She's funny. But she got in a towering rage when I called you a 'bounder.' I've had that on my conscience rather; but I didn't know you, so it doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not a bit," I said. "You're all right, Pigtail. Wouldn't your mother speak to her about it?"

"No—o. We don't talk about these things, but it's understood! We've *got* to do it. You've got to do it, too, you know; marry to get into Society, I mean. Why *don't* you marry Molly? I expect you'd like her."

"I expect so," I agreed; "but I don't think I should care to marry anyone who didn't want me."

"I dare say she'd as soon marry you as any of the others," Evelyn assured me; "and she's jolly nice; and she'd *try* to like you, and she wouldn't give you away if she didn't. *I'd* stick up for you like anything."

"I should like you for a sister-in-law, Evelyn," I said; "but that's hardly the main question. So we won't think any more about it."

I kept thinking about it all the same. I couldn't make out if Lady Mary did or

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didn't. She seemed as if she liked my company, and I certainly liked hers; in fact, I wanted to marry her, and I wanted to very badly. I thought perhaps she'd rather marry me than some of the rich bounders in society; and I knew I'd be kinder to her and make her happier. I thought, too, that if I were honest with her, and didn't expect her to pretend that she liked me before she did, she might begin to like me a little. I knew, of course, that I could never be half good enough for her; but I didn't see that anyone else could be, either. So I made up my mind to propose to her.

I asked her one evening when we were playing chess.

"I want you to answer some questions very frankly, Lady Mary," I said. "Will you?"

She took up a bishop and looked at it for a long while; and then she put it down on the wrong colour.

"Ye—es," she said, "if you wish it."

"I have not been brought up in good Society," I began, "and I know that I make a lot of blunders; but I don't know if they grate on you so much that—that my company distresses you; if I make you feel all the time that I am a rank outsider? You promised to be quite frank, Lady Mary, and it will be the greatest kindness that you can render me. Do I?"

She moved the bishop to the square where it ought to have gone.

"No, Mr. Morrison," she said. "Your blunders are never of that description. If it is not impertinence to say so, you have all the instincts of a gentleman. I think *nothing* of your blunders."

She looked right up at me for a second, and then looked down again.

"Apart from my blunders," I said, "if there is anything about me that—I mean, if I were of your own position, would my company be unacceptable to you?"

"Your company is quite acceptable to me," she said steadily. "Yes, quite, Mr. Morrison. Please do not distress yourself—or me—by thinking otherwise. I have much respect for you."

"My respect for you is beyond words, Lady Mary," I said. "I feel that I am far beneath you in every way, but—perhaps I am not further below you than some rich men who aspire to marry ladies of your position, and—will you marry me, Lady Mary?"

She moved her elbow quickly on the table, and knocked over several of the pieces.

"You wish to marry me," she asked, "on account of my position?"

"No," I said, "not for that. I am very deeply in love with you, Lady Mary. I am afraid you will regard that as—as inconvenient; but I give you my word as a—as a man—not to obtrude my affection upon you, or to ask you to force yourself to show affection for me. I cannot help hoping that it will come. I do not ask you to try to make it come, only not to try to keep it away. If you would give me a fair chance of gaining it—will you, Lady Mary?"

She picked up the fallen pieces slowly.

"Yes," she said very faintly.

I took her hand and put my lips to it; but she gave a sudden cry, and I dropped it quickly.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

She did not say anything for a long time. Then she laughed—a funny, awkward little laugh.

"I suppose you have a right to—to kiss my hand," she said, "if—if you think that kissing my hand is the proper way to celebrate our—our engagement."

"No," I said, "I have no right to do anything that distresses you, Lady Mary."

She was silent for some time again; and then she laughed the same curious, shy laugh.

"We must not let our engagement disturb our friendship, anyhow," she said. "Shall we go and sing?"

So we went and sang. I had never heard her sing like it; and when she sang "Solveig's Song" it seemed to *hurt* me. She had the daintiest voice, and it seemed just the dainty way she would sing her love, if she loved anybody.

I saw the tears in her eyes. I thought perhaps there *was* somebody else in her own position; but when I asked her she said "no, no, no," quickly; and Lady Parbury came in, and she ran away.

I told Lady Parbury, and she said she was glad. I suppose she was, in a way; and anyhow I could see she meant to play the game with me, and be friendly, and not just tolerate me, like some people in her position would.

The others seemed really pleased, especially Lady Evelyn. She rushed in when I was talking to her sister, and whirled me round till we came under the mistletoe; and then she looked up and laughed—and I kissed her. Lady Mary trembled when I did it, and when Evelyn ran out she turned very red; but I pretended not to notice.

There was an uncomfortable pause whenever

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they left us together the next day, and at last I spoke out to reassure her.

"I quite understand your feelings, Lady Mary," I said. "Believe me, I will respect them."

"You don't quite understand them," she said in a whisper, "because—if I tried—I think I *ought* to try—to—to——"

"No," I said firmly, "I do not wish you to persuade yourself that you care for me. I shall never be satisfied with a make-believe, however kind. Do not 'try,' dear Lady Mary. Let it come if it will. God grant it may."

"But I think I should—like to try," she said. "I *ought* to, because——"

She looked at me, and I felt on fire for a moment; for I saw that she felt it her duty to let me act as her lover, if I chose; but I steadied myself, and only touched her arm.

"When you love, Lady Mary," I said, "there is no question of 'trying'; and you are loyally doing all that you 'ought' to in giving me your company——will you come for a walk with me; if you do not mind?"

"I do not mind," she said. "I shall like to. I—I have something to tell you."

She laughed the shy, awkward laugh again as she ran away. It must be awkward for her, I knew, and I felt sorry for her.

She was upstairs putting on her hat, when the postman came. I had just read my letter, and had walked into the drawing-room, where they all were, when she came down. She looked pink and smiling, and I felt I couldn't say what I had to say till I turned away from her. As it was I couldn't begin for a few moments.

"The lady waits, Sir Lazybones!" said Pigtail. "You *do* look nice, Molly. Now doesn't she?"

She turned me round by the shoulders to look at her again.

"Lady Mary looks—herself," I said. "And—I have something to say to all of you. This letter is from my lawyers. My aunt's will left her money between her nephews and nieces equally. They thought I was the only one; but they have found another family—a large one. There are twelve of us altogether. This, of course, alters everything. You will, perhaps, excuse my departing this evening."

I thought, for once, I had put it like a gentleman!

I hadn't understood how real gentlemen and ladies felt, I found, because I thought they would protest politely, and then let me go; but they didn't do anything of the kind. The Earl took hold of my arm, and said: "Don't be such an ass. You'll stop here, if I tie you up!" And Charlie wanted to know if I thought they were all bounders; and Pigtail caught hold of my hand and squeezed it furiously.

"Oh, *Tommy!*" she cried. "And we're *friends!*"

Lady Parbury startled me most of all. She just went on with her embroidery as if nothing had happened, and glanced up at me.

"You are keeping Molly waiting," she said calmly.

Then at last I turned and looked at her; and she reminded me of being in church more than ever.

"I am quite ready—Tom!" she said. She smiled at me, and blushed at using my name for the first time; and she seemed just as much the great lady, only more a woman. I looked at her for a long time; then she held out her hand, and I took it.

"Now," I said, "I know what it means to be born ladies and gentlemen. Let me act as if I had been born—like you. Thank you. And—good-bye."

I bent down and kissed her hand. I think that is what a gentleman would have done. Then I walked straight for the door, and into the passage. I hadn't much pluck after I got there, for everything was misty in my eyes, and I groped with my arms—and found Lady Mary in them!

"Oh!" she cried, "dear—gentleman!"

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A group of Humming-Birds. They come from New Guinea, and are worn whole. They are not very fashionable at present.

# Fair Ladies and . . Fine Feathers.

*All about the Birds which Supply Fashion with Their Borrowed Plumes.*

By F. E. Baily.

*(Photos by The Press Studio, 2 & 3 Creed Lane, E.C.)*

Ladies are practically the only wearers of feathers nowadays, at all events among civilised peoples, but this does not mean that few feathers are worn. At the Commercial Sale Rooms on December 12th of last year more than 9000 bird of paradise skins were disposed of. In spite of this, 8000 more found buyers at another sale on February 13th, 1906, together with over 6000 terns, 15,000 parrots, 1645 owls, and numbers of orioles, tanagers, cardinals, crested pigeons, trogons, humming birds, canaries, etc.

The great market for ostrich feathers is at Cutler Street, where sales take place six times a year. It is well worth a visit when all the feathers to be put up at a forthcoming auction are on view; so many as £250,000 worth are frequently to be seen. Ostrich feathers for the most part come from the Cape, where ostrich farming is a paying industry. Although a certain percentage of the birds whose feathers one sees on hats were slain in England, yet the great majority come from abroad.

The breeding plumes of the Heron, known as "osprays," are very much in demand. There is even some danger of the heron becoming extinct, so much is its plumage sought after.

The numerous Acts for the preservation of wild birds in force in this country, which make it illegal for them to be killed at certain seasons of the year, render the supply somewhat uncertain, and so milliners chiefly rely on imported plumage.

In fact, the whole world is laid under contribution to trim My Lady's hat.

Sea birds come chiefly from Japan and Russia, though a gull or two is occasionally procured round our own coasts.

Quills, supplied by eagles and

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pelicans, are exported from China, and Dutch Guiana provides Crested Bronze-Wing and other pigeons. The beautiful "osprey" hails chiefly from South America.

Birds of Paradise are found in the Guianas,

Buli- and Greenfinches are imported from abroad. Like humming-birds, they are worn whole, but for the last five years there has been little demand for them.

Several bullfinches are actually worn on a hat at once.

and, as the sale figures show, there is a large demand for them.

Perhaps the egret, which, by the way, belongs to the heron family, is the most expensive bird to choose for hat-trimming purposes. Its plumage costs £10 an ounce in the natural state, an ounce consisting of about six hundred pieces.

Terns are quite in demand now. Six thousand changed hands at a sale during last February. They are very beautiful birds.

Bullfinches are for the most part imported, but they have not been popular for the last five years or so; humming-birds come from New Guinea, but they also are out of favour at present. This is not surprising, for a number of little birds on a hat do not look particularly attractive. It goes without saying that prevailing fashions have a strong influence on the feather trade. Once let a certain feather become the rage, and milliners can only obtain adequate supplies of it with difficulty.

The different operations which must be performed after the arrival of a feather at

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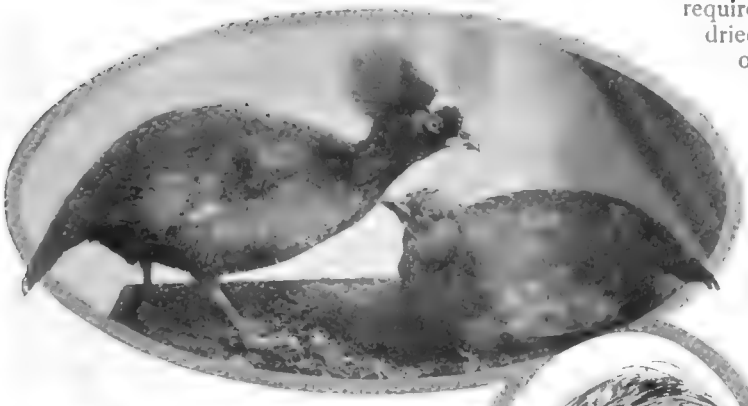

Two Red-Crested Partridges. The speckled plumage of these birds is very attractive. A hat trimmed with partridge feathers looks extremely becoming, since the vari-coloured plumage brightens the headgear wonderfully.

The Lorikeet is yet another bird worn whole. Its chief attraction lies in its tail. It may be arranged on a hat as shown in the adjoining sketch.

One Crested Bronze-Wing Pigeon on a hat at a time is enough. The tail feathers of this bird are most beautiful.

the factory before it is ready to wear are both numerous and interesting. Let us follow an ostrich plume among the various processes it goes through before it can be worn. On arriving at the factory it is first thoroughly washed in soap and water in order to remove all the dirt and natural grease which it contains. This, as may be imagined, is a very necessary operation. Then, if a black or parti-coloured feather, it is "extracted," or bleached. White feathers, and black ones after they have been "extracted," are either left white, or dyed any colour as required. They are then dried in starch and beaten out on boards, after which all remaining moisture is driven out of them in a hot room.

Feathers are always dyed in a boiling solution, immediately after being washed.

As regards beating them out on boards, they suffer no injury during this operation because it is done while they are wet. A wet feather is quite flexible, whereas a dry one is extremely brittle. Beating an ordinary feather taken from a hat would ruin it.

Starch is employed in the drying process to prevent

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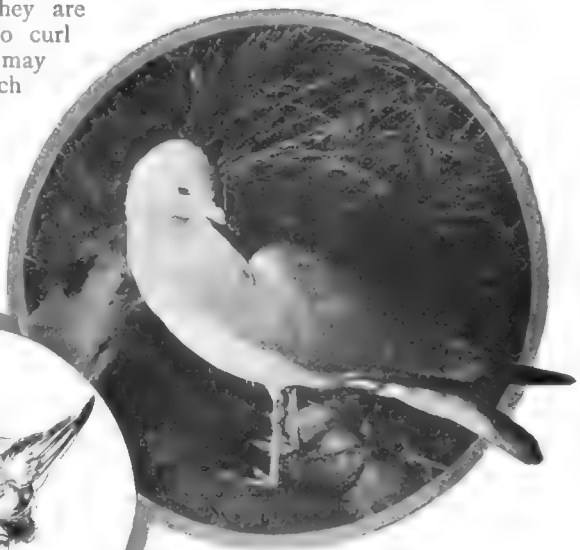
any stickiness. After being dried they are handed over to a staff of girls, who curl them with blunt knives; there is, as may be supposed, a great art in curling ostrich feathers, but practice renders the girls very capable. The feathers on being curled are separated into various grades, according to their quality, and are then ready for sale.

Very beautiful some of them look dyed in shaded tints. But though lovely, and alas! expensive, ostrich feathers are really an economical hat-trimming for the girl who has to look at her pence.

This is a striking way to wear gulls' wings on one's hat.



Gulls come from Russia and Japan, though a few are procured round our coasts. The feathers make a sensational hat-trimming.

who likes becoming headgear, but is obliged to combine it with a small dress allowance. Nothing is more ordinary than a sailor hat; but a smart plume of either pigeon's or eagle's feather brightens it up wonderfully, and at a trifling cost.

Kingfishers' feathers are iridescent, and in this lies their chief claim to popularity. The accompanying sketch shows how they appear in a hat.

Parroquets are sometimes worn on hats, but they are rather conspicuous, and not greatly favoured by ladies at present.

A hat trimmed with flowers is hopelessly ruined by a shower of rain. There is no more sorrowful sight than the wearer of such a hat after a summer shower, but a soaked ostrich feather is by no means an ostrich feather spoilt. For a small sum it can be re-curled and renovated "equal to new."

As a matter of fact, feathers are a great boon to the girl

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The beautiful plumage of the Bird of Paradise is so popular that the species is in danger of extinction.

All feathers are treated in much the same way to prepare them for the milliner. They are all thoroughly washed, and then dyed if necessary, or if not, dried in starch, as described, and then finally curled and finished. Humming-birds have to be stuffed before they are ready for wear, as do all birds worn whole.

In fact, before a feather is fastened in a hat, what with trappers and washers, dyers, dryers, and curlers, not to mention buyers and auctioneers, a great many people have had to do with it.

There are some who absolutely condemn the wearing of feathers in hats, unless they have been taken from birds killed for food, or from the ostrich, which, as most people know, does not have to be slain in order that its feathers may be removed.

Aigrettes of egret feathers are sometimes worn in the hair with evening dress.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, under the presidency and vice-presidency respectively of the Duchess of Portland and Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, is doing everything in its power to discourage the wearing of birds' feathers.

In fact, last February the Society approached Queen Alexandra on the subject, and particularly desired to enlist Her Majesty's sympathy in the cause of the Egret and the Bird of Paradise.

The following reply to the Society's memorial was received from Miss Knollys:

> The Queen desires me to say in answer to your letter that she gives you as President full permission to use her name in any way you think best to conduce to the protection of birds. You know well how kind and humane the Queen is to all living creatures, and I am desired to add that Her Majesty never wears osprey feathers herself, and will certainly do all in her power to discourage the cruelty practised on these beautiful birds.

With characteristic humanity the late Queen issued an order substituting ostrich plumes for the "osprey" feathers then worn in the headdress of officers in certain regiments in the Army.

The Egret or White Heron's plumage costs £10 an ounce. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is trying to save this bird from extinction by discouraging the wearing of aigrettes.

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# Eric's Hay Party

[I publish this story just as I have received it from a little boy of seven, with the exception of a few corrections in spelling and punctuation. He asks me to publish it because he wants to show people how much poor childen need and appreciate an occasional happy day in the country. I should like to remind my readers that the Fresh Air Fund season has commenced, and that 9d. will send a child into the country for a whole day. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Sec., F.A.F., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.]

"Next week," said little Eric Maberley to his Cousin Keith, "they are going to cut the hay, and then I am to have my birthday party in the hayfield. Last year I had fifty children, and we did enjoy ourselves."

"Yes, you ought to be happy, Eric," said Mrs. Maberley, who had just brought them some strawberries she had been gathering. "Do you know there are lots of little boys and girls in London who have never even seen a hayfield?"

Eric looked very thoughtful after this.

That night before Eric went to bed Mr. Maberley said:

"Eric, it will soon be your seventh birthday. Is there anything you very much wish to have?"

"Yes, daddy," he said, "there is something I do wish very much to have. I want to help the Fresh Air Fund which mother has told me about so often, because it makes other children happy. I should like to have for my hay party a hundred little girls and boys who have never seen a hayfield."

"Well, my boy, so you shall, if I can possibly manage it."

At length the day arrived. Eric had several very nice presents, but he thought more about his hay party than anything else. He was all excitement. Would eleven o'clock never come?

At eleven o'clock he and his father went to the gate.

"Here they come! Here they come!" shouted Eric in great excitement.

He could hear the shouting of the children, and just then the first brake appeared round the bend of the road, then two more quickly followed. Eric suddenly felt himself a person of great importance. Only to think of it! Three great brakes full of children all come to his hay party.

"See, Eric," said Mr. Maberley, "there is a little lame boy sitting over there. I can see his crutches; it isn't much fun for him, poor little chap! You might go and speak to him."

Eric ran off to him at once.

"I am so sorry you are lame," said Eric. "I will make you a nice comfortable arm-chair with the hay."

"Thank you," said the boy.

"What is your name?" said Eric.

"My name is Dick."

"There," said Eric, "you try this arm-chair."

Dick leant back in his arm-chair, and Eric said: "Have you always been lame, Dick?"

"No," said Dick. "I remember when I used to run about quite well, but one day I fell down a lot of stone steps, and hurt my leg very badly, and I have never been able to walk properly since. A man that lives near us made me these crutches," said Dick, showing a very rough pair of crutches, "and I have been able to get about much better since I had them."

"I wonder if my uncle could make your leg better, Dick. He is coming to see us to-day. He is a doctor, and doctors make people well."

"Is he the man that does the miracles?" said Dick.

"I don't know, Dick, but I 'spect it is something like that; I will ask him when he comes."

Dinner was now quite ready for the children, and a very nice dinner it was. There were cold roast beef, and chicken, and ham, and tongue, and meat pies, and jam tarts, and

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"Have you always been lame, Dick?"

cheese-cakes, jellies, and stewed fruit, and fruit pies.

To many of the children it was one of the happiest days of their lives.

When all the children had been well supplied, Mr. Maberley and Eric went into the house to get their own dinner.

"We are rather late," said Mr. Maberley. "We will stay indoors until Uncle Charles arrives."

Eric amused himself with his birthday presents until his uncle came.

"Well, Eric," said his uncle, "you see I have come in time for some of the birthday cake. What a big chap you have grown!"

"Uncle," said Eric, "my daddy told me you are a doctor. Are you a very clever doctor?"

"Well," said Uncle Charles, "I don't know about being clever. Clever people as a rule don't blow their own trumpets, they leave that for someone else to do."

"Well," said Eric, "if you can't blow your own trumpet I am afraid you will not be able to do what I want you to do."

"And what do you want me to do?" said Sir Charles.

"Have you ever performed a miracle, uncle?"

"Well, my boy, you don't expect much. No, I have never performed a miracle. But tell me what miracle it is you want me to perform?"

"I want you to make a lame boy walk, uncle."

"Well," said Sir Charles, "I have helped to make a good many lame boys walk."

"Oh, I see," said Eric, "you only helped, so of course it wasn't a miracle. But Dick won't mind you being helped if you make him walk."

"And where is Dick, may I ask?" said Sir Charles.

"He is in the hayfield, uncle. I will take you to him if you will come."

So Eric took his uncle to the field, and after he had asked Dick a few questions he said he would take him into the house and examine him.

Eric stayed in the field watching the children at play. After a while his uncle and Dick came back to the field again.

"Well, uncle," said Eric, "do you think you can do it?"

"I shall have to get him in the hospital," said Sir Charles, "and then I think I can safely promise you that before the hay is cut another year Dick will be running about as well as any of you."

"You darling uncle, I do love you for that!" said Eric, while tears of joy shone in poor Dick's eyes.

"Why, I declare," said Uncle Charles, "tea is nearly ready!" A general cheer went up when they were seen bringing Eric's birthday cake—such a big cake it was, all covered with white sugar, while in the centre stood a waggon of pure white sugar and two white horses with silver harness. The waggon was filled with real hay, and on the top stood a little boy, and all round the cake were little figures of boys and girls in white sugar. There was no writing on the cake except the words "Eric's Hay Party," done in silver beads.

The children had all had a good tea, and Eric had helped to cut the cake and had carried some round to every child, and every child had one of the little figures off the cake, but the waggon Eric kept to remind him of the happy day he had spent in the hayfield.

Then the children had one more game, and the brakes came to take them back home again. When they left the field every child was given a bun for supper, and a box of chocolates and a flag, and they all thanked Eric for the happy day they had spent, and Eric wished them all good-bye, and waved his handkerchief till they were quite out of sight.

Eric . . . waved his handkerchief till they were quite out of sight.

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# SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Photo W. V. Amey.

Miss Anna Böcker, the only woman on board the *Elbe* saved.

## No. XVIII.—THE LOSS OF THE LINER *ELBE*.

### From the Narrative of Miss Anna Böcker, the Only Woman Saved.

As Told to Walter Wood.

**The disaster to the *Elbe*, one of the North German Lloyd's express mail-boats, was an unexpected calamity of appalling magnitude. She was on her way from Bremen to New York, *vid* Southampton, in the bitter winter of 1895. When in the North Sea, some forty miles off Lowestoft, in the darkness of night, she was run into by a small steamer, the *Crathie*, and foundered within twenty minutes. Of the 352 people on board, only twenty were saved, amongst them being Miss Anna Böcker, who, with the rest, was gallantly rescued by Skipper Wright and his crew in the smack *Wildflower*. The Admiralty Court at Bremerhaven attributed the blame for the collision to the mate of the *Crathie*, "who immediately before the occurrence deserted his post on the bridge and chatted with the look-out man in the galley." The officer of the watch of the *Elbe* was, however, not free from reproach for not getting out of the way of the *Crathie*, and failing to attract her attention by signaling on his whistle.**

You remember the terrible winter of 1895, when for the first time since the days of the Crimean War the Medway was frozen over, and the park waters of London, like the Serpentine, were thronged with skaters? And you recall the heavy snowstorms and blocking of the railways in England at the time, and the dangerous services which the lifeboats on the East Coast were called upon to render to vessels in distress? Well, it was at the worst of that time of blizzard when I embarked in the *Elbe* for Southampton.

Our own German rivers, like the English streams, were frozen, and the air was almost unendurably cold. It was wild weather in the North Sea, too, and the waves were running high before a piercing wind, and the spray froze as it flew, covering the decks of the ship with ice.

We left Bremen in the afternoon, and the *Elbe* was quickly clear of the land and going full speed across and down the North Sea. My trip was to be a very short one, yet it was the longest I had ever taken, and the prospect made me nervous and excited. So I did not undress when bed-time came, but kept on my thick, warm costume. In spite of all I could do, I was numb with cold. The ship was large, yet she was affected by the weather, and many of her passengers were ill. They had gone to their cabins, and were doing their best to forget their miseries and keep warm.

I remained on deck until I could not bear the cold any longer; then I went below and had supper, after which I lay down to get such rest as I could for the night, in a cabin which I shared with another passenger named Mrs. Saunders. I slept fairly well until about five o'clock in the morning; then I was awakened by a strange, crashing noise which I could not understand. It was not the sound of a breaking sea, nor the roar of the wind—it was something the like of which I had never heard before.

Dismaying though the crash was, yet I did not instantly leave my cabin to make inquiries. But I heard the trample of feet on the deck, I heard startled voices rising above even the wild sounds of the night, and I knew that something dreadful had befallen us. I stepped outside the cabin door, and at once was ankle-deep in water. Water there—and we were so high above the sea! A steward who had

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hurried up cried: "We must get ready to leave the ship!" and I knew that we were in imminent danger.

All the horrors of the moment were intensified by the sudden extinction of the electric lights, which had been burning and giving a cheerful and comforting illumination.

The awful truth was then apparent—that a steamer had crashed into us, and that we were in peril of sinking. Yet there was no impression that the danger was so great that it could not be mastered. We had been struck by another ship; but the *Elbe* was a fine mail-steamer, splendidly built and officered and found; the captain himself was on the bridge, and we had two pilots, one English and one German, on board. There were the boats, too—and surely at the worst we could seek escape by means of them!

When the full horror of that winter morning's tragedy on the pitiless North Sea had forced itself upon me, I recollected my friend, and instantly, through the gloom and deepening water, regained the little cabin where I had been sleeping. Mrs. Saunders was helpless with sickness and the terror of our position, and unable to assist herself. I hurriedly tried to dress her, fighting furiously against the wish to rush on deck and away from that appalling encroachment of the sea, which, coming now into our very cabin, told too well the bitter truth that the *Elbe* was foundering.

Mothers, too, were wildly striving to awaken their children, little creatures who were exhausted with the cold and sickness; and some of these loving efforts must have been continued when the steamship actually disappeared, for it was impossible to arouse some of the sleepers, or, if awakened, to get them on deck until too late. But how enviable and merciful was their fate while thus unconscious of their peril!

For about ten minutes I struggled with my companion; then I helped her on to the deck, deaf, as I was forced to be, to many heart-rending and beseeching prayers for help and comfort. One hopeless appeal I recall too vividly, and that was from a young girl who was lying in her bunk, utterly prostrate with illness and stunned by what had happened—terrified but uncomprehending, for this was the first time she had ever beheld the sea or ventured on it! Often I have heard that cry afresh since then—yet, even if I had answered it, I could not have done anything, and my own death would have been as sure as hers.

I have told you that when I first went on board I was nervous, but now that an overwhelming disaster had come, my fear had vanished, and I was perfectly calm and self-possessed. I am thankful indeed that this was so, because at such a time only coolness can save one. And there were so many helpless human beings struggling up from below, all bewildered, many of them panic-stricken, several forgetful of all else but their own salvation.

The night was intensely dark, but the cold sky glittered with stars, and we could see the torn, ruthless waters surging past us, and feel the sting of the freezing spindrift. Rockets were screaming, too, from our own bridge and from the vessel which had collided with us—the *Crathie*, as she proved to be, a little cargo steamer with a crew of twelve, going from Rotterdam to Aberdeen.

On that storm-swept promenade deck where the boats were hanging the passengers had instinctively gathered, and they were clamouring to know what had happened, demanding to be told if there was any danger. And I heard a voice in the night, the voice of one of the officers, assuring them that all would be well, and that in any case there would be time to get the boats out and save every soul. It was a wonderful comfort to hear him speak—he was calling encouragingly like that to the very end, even when the ship was sinking under his feet and he knew that he was doomed—a strange contrast indeed to the wild cries of the terror-stricken fellow-creatures, who were near him. Yes, the men were just as bad as the women and children—at least some of them. I want to emphasise that, and the courage of the officers, because it was said afterwards that they were cowards. They were not—they were brave men, and most of them died at their posts.

There was a man near me who had put two lifebelts round himself, and frantically refused either to give up one of them or allow them to be shared. I remember him so well—perhaps all the more distinctly because it was one of the first things I saw when I went on deck, and I was not then sure that the vessel was foundering. The man was mad with fear. He was barefooted and had an old overcoat on. The life-belts were round him, and while he refused to give them up or share them, he craved and begged for one of the rugs which two men were carrying. The men were dressed and each carried a rug; but neither would give him one, any more than he would part with his life-belts. All three were drowned. These two men also I remember specially and clearly because they turned to

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me and sought comfort from my own calmness.

Running hither and thither distractedly were men and women, some dressed, some clad only in their night-clothes, carrying whatever treasures they had snatched up in the darkness and confusion. One passenger had his wife's gold watch, and others were dragging heavy belongings about, as if they thought that these, too, could be saved like themselves. Strange, indeed, at such a time are the workings of the human mind, and indescribable are one's sensations. It is, of course, the mere landspeople, such as I was, who do the most unaccountable things, because they have no perfect understanding of the danger into which they are hurled.

The great vessel was wounded where her injury could not be seen, on the port or left-hand side, just behind the engine-room, and the water was rolling into the enormous rent which the bows of the *Crathie* had made, destroying a bulkhead and throwing two great divisions of the ship into one.

But we did not know that then, nor did we realise the imminence of the death which was so soon to overwhelm nearly every living creature on the liner. Other people were rushing madly about, yet for myself I was almost superhumanly calm, and I know I sincerely hoped that if the death which I did not dread claimed me it would come quickly.

High up on the deck where the boats were, the whole of the ship's people, as it seemed, were crowded and huddled so that they could make their first and last and only effort of salvation. There were rockets hissing still, the tramp of hurrying feet, the issuing of loud, hoarse orders, and the attempt to separate the women and children from the men by ordering the former to the one side and the latter to the other.

I had reached the deck too late to hear the captain's order, that all the women and children were to go to the starboard side; and so I kept on the port side.

Mingled with the orders were many words of love and hope, and heartbreaking farewells. And all the time the end was swiftly coming, the ship was settling deeper and deeper, and her bow was pointing higher to the black sky.

There were frantic efforts to lower the boats, yet the boats would not go down, for the ropes were frozen and they had to be chopped to pieces with axes. On the starboard side, which was high out of the water, and which was reckoned the safest, some of the boats, filled with people, were let down. How they went one can only guess, but that they did not descend straight and true is certain, because not a soul was saved that ventured in them. They were swamped or smashed before or as they touched the water, and their occupants hurled out and killed or drowned.

I was on the port side, which was very low in the water now, as the steamer was filling fast. There were very few passengers there, and I was the only woman. I cannot say what happened on the other side where the rush was, but I do know that about me there was very little confusion. A boat was being lowered, and I remember so clearly that even then, when an open boat was my only chance of safety, I shrank from getting into it and going over that terrible, giddy side into the surging sea below. But I got in with others and the boat was lowered. It was full of people, but there was no time to think or look, because as soon as the boat touched the water she was either capsized or smashed, and we were all cast into the sea. I could swim and I was not afraid, and so I managed to keep afloat while all around me were despairing, drowning people.

Now came the most terrible moment of all, the crisis of the struggle, the actual touch with death itself; yet it was now that the sweetest feeling overcame me, and I was conscious of nothing but an extraordinary happiness. There I was, the sole survivor of the boatload of human beings, supporting myself in the icy water by clinging to the mast, with the sail rolled round it, which had been cast out of the little vessel when she disappeared and which I had managed to grasp instinctively.

You ask me what my sensations were when I was in that bitter sea, with the great liner settling swiftly, and all those human beings going to a sudden and appalling doom in the darkness of a winter morning? Well, my answer is, and I make it with all sincerity and calmness, that I literally experienced those emotions of which people so often speak in relation to drowning persons. The whole of my life flashed before me like a panorama, so vividly that I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and peril. I had a peculiar sense of happiness, I felt no pain, I was not troubled in any way, and it seemed as if the sky had opened, bright and glorious.

Oh! I cannot say what I saw; but it seemed as if I heard a voice that was full of encouragement saying: "Do not be afraid! You are all right! Be brave!"

It was the voice of Hope.

True it is that my physical powers were

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As soon as the boat touched the water she was either capsized or smashed, and we were all cast into the sea.

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numbed; but there is this also to be remembered, that I had never been afraid of the water, and had no nervousness arising from the knowledge that I was now immersed. To that perfect coolness and self-possession no doubt my safety was due, because it enabled me, when the chance of rescue came, to take instant advantage of it. Physically senseless with the cold, I clung instinctively to my sail and m .st, trying not to swim, but just to keep my head above the water, yet never supposing that help could come.

It seemed long indeed between the loss of the boat and my rescue, yet it could not have been more than six or seven minutes before I saw near me one of the small boats which was being desperately rowed to get her clear of the sinking ship. The boat was meant for fifteen people at the most, but already nineteen were in her, tightly packed. Can you wonder, then, that as they passed very close to me and saw me, even in the darkness, they wanted to leave me where I was?

Yet humanity prevailed. They shouted to me to help myself to get into the boat. They might as well have shouted to the mast and sail which supported me, for I was utterly helpless with cold and exhaustion. How it was done I do not know; but somehow I was seized and dragged over the side of the boat; then I was cast unceremoniously into the bottom, which was deep in swishing water; and there I lay in a stupor while they struggled at the oars again to get as far away from the steamer as they could.

It was then, in that moment of personal exhaustion, that I saw the last of the liner. She had settled deep in the water by the stern. Rockets were still ascending, some lights, at any rate, were burning, and her huge bulk was silhouetted against the black sky. Then she gave a terrible plunge and went down stern first in those merciless waters. They say that probably she exploded as she sank; but I did not see any sign of this. Yet it may have been so; for who that witnesses such a catastrophe can notice all that happens?

The boat in which I was lying helpless was Number 3, one of the smallest belonging to the ship. As I have said, she was built to carry fifteen people, but here were twenty packed into her, and in a heavy sea, too. She remained afloat only because of the skill of the people in her who were sailors. They kept her before the seas and prevented her from broaching to, and they did that for five hours, yearning all the time for help. The spray flew over us constantly, thickening into ice on our boat and clothing, and often enough a cruel sea pursued us, towering high and threatening, hideous to behold; but the waves hissed past us, tilting and throwing us to such angles that it seemed impossible for us to live through it.

I was huddled in the freezing water at the bottom of the boat, unable to move, but managing to hold the compass in my stiffened hand—a sorry binnacle indeed! An incessant watch was kept for a friendly sail, and one or two were seen, but they were too distant to notice us. At last we saw a little ship not far away and began to understand that it was a fishing-smack, carrying on her work even in that pitiless weather and on that dreadful sea, just as the more fortunate man ashore was working in his comfortable office.

We shouted and waved and did all that shipwrecked wretches can to attract attention, yet it looked as if this vessel also would not see us. It was unendurable to think that even now, when our rescue should have been assured, there might be a chance that we should be deserted; but we were thrilled with hope when one of our officers shouted that the men, who were sure to see us, were North Sea men, and that having once caught sight of us they would never rest until they had saved us. And a true prophet he proved!

There was the little brown-sailed ship, looking so small and lonely on that waste of wild water, yet a glorious refuge indeed compared with our own tiny, overladen craft.

What was it that was being said amongst us? That the smack had seen us, and a man had jumped up and was shouting through the spindrift that they would save us?

Yes, indeed, and the horrors of the night and the hopeless dawn and the perishing morning were forgotten in our joy at seeing the efforts that were being made for our salvation. They were already getting up their ponderous trawl—half-an-hour's laborious work even for those giants of the Dogger; then they bore towards us, their vessel surging and roaring in defiance over the malignant waves.

It seemed as if we must be crushed like a matchbox, but the smack came up and past, there was wild work for two or three moments—shouting and directing, a desperate clinging to the smack by her people, and a still more grim clutching of Number 3 by us, so that we should not be cast or washed out, then the hurling of a rope towards us, a frantic seizure of it, and the unutterably glad sensation that we were in the grip of men who never let go!

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I was seized and taken on board the *Wildflower* . . . as Number 3 shot up on a wave.



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Then there was a furious fight with the snarling seas that looked and sounded as if they knew their prey was being snatched from them, a tumble on board the smack from the boat of four of us—first come first saved, which was the only way; then a savage wrench of a sea, a curious snap, and the rope had gone, dragging our ring-bolt and half the bow with it, and leaving Number 3 adrift again and helpless in the turmoil.

That, indeed, seemed the refinement of torture, the summit of human misery and hopelessness. I and the rest of us were on the verge of salvation, and almost within the strong arms of our saviours, yet the merciless waves, as if resolute to hold us till the last, had torn us away, and were now hurling us further from the smack.

It was only then that I abandoned hope utterly. I was weary of the fight, exhausted with the struggle, and recognised that after all it was decreed that I should die. Yet so far from deploring my doom, or trying to avert it, I gladly welcomed it, just as the weary worker seeks his rest in sleep.

I had fought the long, hard fight against death—and death, it seemed, ever ruthless, never tired, had made a fresh assault. When, therefore, the boat was torn adrift, I made no further effort to save myself. It was God's will, and I was reconciled. But how little I knew of North Sea smacksmen if I supposed that they would ever let a fellow creature—and a woman—be wrenched from their protection like that! Are they not for ever fighting with that grey ocean and battling with its greatest dangers, and are they not compelled to fight the harder when it shows its fangs the most?

I cannot tell you how they did it, by what special act of seamanship; but they got that sturdy, weltering smack near enough again to make attempts to seize us as we rose and fell, thrown high up by a sea, dropped sickeningly down as the wave roared on. It was, I daresay, almost as dangerous for them, leaning over their low, rolling bulwarks, as it was for us; and only the strength of giants and the wondrous skill of these fearless smacksmen made it possible for them at last to get hold of us again, and haul us in triumphantly.

I was seized and taken on board the *Wildflower*, plucked and gripped as Number 3 shot up on a wave, and then dropped deep below the wallowing smack. And the rest of them were snatched by the fishermen until Number 3 was like an empty shell. Then, as I hurried below, they let our poor, frail little boat go adrift. Yes, you who say you know what North Sea smacks are like, speak truly in describing the cabin as a mere box or even kennel, with its low roof, its dark, damp berths, its cramped table, and its stifling stove. Yet all of us were crowded into its wet space, and luxury, indeed, it was to me, who had been for those long hours lying in the ice-cold water at the bottom of the boat.

The *Wildflower*—her deck was six inches deep in ice—rolled and pitched in what would otherwise have been an awful fashion, but which by comparison with the boat was almost steadiness. There were hot cocoa, tea, and biscuits, and various things to eat—everything that her brave and generous crew possessed was put before us; but I could eat nothing, I wanted nothing but rest. So the skipper cleared the cabin till I had changed my sodden clothes for hot blankets, and got into one of the dark bunks. And then I fell asleep, utterly exhausted.

When I awoke I ate the last biscuit that was left in the smack, for this sudden inrush of a score of survivors had finished her stores. Generous to a fault, the smacksmen had given us their very last bite and sup. But what of that lack of sustenance? We were already within sight of land, and just about twelve hours after the *Elbe* sank the *Wildflower* entered Lowestoft Harbour, the first to bear the news of the disaster, and I was taken to the Sailors' Home. Number 3 herself was afterwards cast ashore at Walton-on-the-Naze.

I had been very quietly brought up. I had led a placid and uneventful life. I had had no adventures or excitements, and yet—such is the fortune and mystery of our existence—I was chosen to undergo this ordeal of death and suffering at sea. Nor was that all; indeed, it was but the beginning of a round of exactions from which I would fain have escaped. On shore I was made a heroine in spite of myself, and an object of sympathy and interest which I could not avoid. If I walked in the street I was accompanied by a crowd of idlers, and they pursued me even into the shops and tramcars. I was harassed for my autograph, and I signed my name many times in the interests of a bazaar, each signature fetching sixpence.

So far I went, but I resisted all temptations, and they were many, to appear on the stage. I was offered large sums merely to show myself on the boards, or to sit in a chair for a few minutes, and in one case I could have had a hundred pounds a week merely to walk on and off again. But I intensely disliked

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publicity then, as I do now, nor did I consider that I had done anything to merit attention, so I declined all offers. I was not sorry to get away from Lowestoft and go to Portsmouth to my friends. But even there I was not able to control my actions; yet how different were the circumstances!

The Royal yacht *Alberta* had just reached Portsmouth with some members of Queen Victoria's family, and her captain brought me a command from the Empress Frederick, who was then staying at Osborne, to go and see her, so that she could hear from a countrywoman the terrible story of the loss of a German ship.

It seems absurd that I should have hesitated; yet no words can tell how I dreaded even that short crossing of the Solent, a mere pond, in a vessel that represented the acme of human skill, and was handled by the very pick of British officers and seamen. But I could not refuse to obey the call, and I went on board.

How can I describe the sympathy and kindness of every soul, from the captain downward, as they took charge of me? How can I explain the delicacy of their understanding of my unutterable horror of the sea and the words of comfort and encouragement they gave me? It may seem foolish, indeed, to have had the slightest distrust; but you cannot fight against the overwhelming influence of such a disaster as that through which, thank God, I had just safely passed.

The Royal yacht took me across the water, a Royal carriage conveyed me to Osborne House, where I was instantly besieged by the lords and ladies-in-waiting for my signature in their birthday books. Then I was ushered into the presence of the Empress Frederick, to whom, in German, I told my story, and she listened and sympathised like the true woman she was. While we were talking Queen Victoria returned from a drive, and I was commanded to go and see Her Majesty at once. I was conducted to her, and found her in quite a small, cosy room. There, in the presence of a lady-in-waiting, I repeated my tale to another truly sympathetic monarch, our talk, as before, being in German. As soon as I had finished, which was in about a quarter of an hour, I left, and found that a footman was waiting to conduct me back to the Empress, who had still many questions to ask. And so my interview with Their Majesties ended, and, after introductions to other members of the Royal family, I had lunch, and returned to Portsmouth in the Royal yacht.

It was all wonderful, bewildering, incredible—yet it was all so very real, for Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick did everything that was possible to make me feel perfectly at home.

Yes, you are right, it was perhaps the greatest change that even the sea can give for me to go straight from a humble fishing-smack to a Royal yacht; but I had never thought of that, the comparison had never entered my mind. And can you wonder? Because I try not to dwell on the sea and ships—oh! how I dread the former and distrust the latter!—I have never been in a boat since that awful winter's day; and, although I often cross to my native land, by way of Harwich, can you not understand my feelings when I am on the water—and at night, over the very spot where I was wrecked?

But, whatever fear I may have of the ocean itself, however much I may shrink from ships and boats, one thing I can truly say the sea has done for me—it has robbed me of the dread of death. I look to that inevitable happening with a mind which is perfectly at rest, and await its coming with a glorious serenity.

## HER ONE WEAK POINT.

**My neighbour's fair, but has a fault**
**Which causes me a pang;**
**She's not from U.S.A., and yet**
**I cannot bear her twang.**

**'Tis not as though it were a brogue—**
**Of that I'm rather fond—**
**Or what is called a "slight ac-*cent*"**
**Across the "Herring Pond."**

**Her sweet and gentle voice, in truth,**
**Is like a silver bell;**
**But I do wish that girl next door**
**Could play the banjo *well!***

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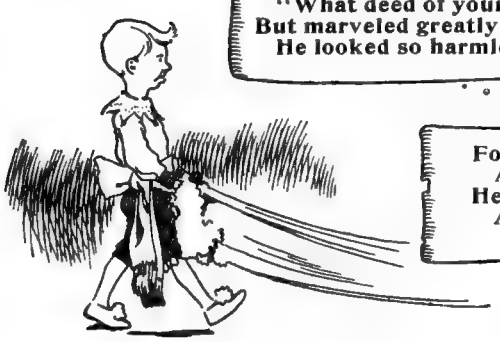
# THE HERO

When bravery was mentioned, all
The company began to boast.
Each one recounted daring feats,
And argued that he'd shown the most.

"I've put a maddened bull to flight!"
"I've fought a bear without a gun!"
A third: "It takes more courage still
To face a mob, as *I* have done."

"You're right," observed a quiet man,
Who eyed the braggarts with disdain;
"And so I might inform you that,
Alone, *I once held up a train!*"

They did not answer when he jeered:
"What deed of yours can equal mine?"
But marveled greatly at his words;
He looked so harmless, so benign.



For time and place he would not give,
And all interrogations parried. . . .
He did not tell them that he'd been
A page-boy when his sister married.

Leslie Thomas.

WESMOND

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# A Game Of Indians

*An Afternoon's Sport that Nearly Ended in a Tragedy.*

By Stuart Wishing.

"Hullo!" said Harry Winfield, stopping abruptly in the course of his after-breakfast walk. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, Mr. Winfield," replied a vision of prettiness and summer hat, which overlooked the dividing-wall between two gardens. "Isn't it a beautiful day? What are you doing?"

"I'm tremendously busy," laughed Harry. "For one thing, I'm smoking——"

"Just like a man——"

"I hope so; I try occasionally to think I look like a man."

"Rather difficult, I should think," commented Delia Thorpe; "but I have been told that you are an imaginative person. Are you only smoking? Nothing else?"

"Well, I was looking at the apricots to see if they are ripening——"

"If it isn't tobacco, it's food, of course," was the scathing comment. "I might have guessed as much."

"And also," continued Harry undismayed, "I was admiring—with an application foreign to my nature—a study in pink and white on the top of the wall."

"Ah," observed Miss Thorpe calmly, without changing colour, "that certainly shows your good taste. For a very young man, you are not unpromising."

"I wish——" he began, and then stopped.

"Yes?"

"I wonder if there is room on the wall for a second person?"

Miss Thorpe inspected the available area critically. "No," she decided at length, "I'm afraid not. The wall is old and slightly feeble. An additional weight of——"

"You're very unkind," murmured the disappointed young man.

"Why? I didn't build the wall. *I* couldn't foresee that you would want to sit on it. Of course, if I *had* had the building of it, and also the gift of seeing into the future, I'd have built a little stone seat for you, where you could smoke and watch—the apricots—all day. That would be charming!"

"Ah, Miss Thorpe," sighed Harry, "you don't understand."

"Yes, I do—perfectly," she contradicted. "You're getting a crick in the back of your neck through holding your head at that absurd angle. No wonder you'd like to change places."

"I don't want to *change* places," growled Harry, feeling that he was having the worst of the argument. "I only want to sit up there and discuss things in general—with you," he added as an after-thought.

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"Really?" she smiled—and Delia Thorpe could smile adorably. "That *is* a pretty speech. We could discuss things in general, apricots included. But, joking apart, you'd soon get extremely bored."

"*Bored!*" he echoed incredulously. "Miss Thorpe, I knew you didn't understand. I—I'd do anything for you."

"Do you mean that?" asked Delia with a twinkle. "It's a dangerous statement. Because, if you do——"

"Anything in the world. As the poet says: 'Send me up the highest Andes, down a horrible volcano——'"

"'But she said,'" capped Miss Thorpe, "'it isn't Polar bears or hot volcanic grottoes; only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes.' In other words, I don't propose to set you a difficult task. If you would really like to be of use, I wish you'd amuse my small brothers for a couple of hours."

"Is that all?" asked Harry. "I'll do it with pleasure."

"You see," she explained, 'I promised to take them out for a picnic this afternoon, and now various things have interfered with our plans. They're rather disappointed about it, so I thought——"

"Send them in here at three o'clock," interrupted Harry cheerfully, "and I'll play Indians or something with them."

"It's very kind of you," returned Delia, gratitude—and, perhaps, a deeper emotion—shining in her eyes. "Some people hate boys, but I love them."

"We'll have a first-rate time," he went on, waxing enthusiastic. "I'll take them down to the island; we'll have an encampment, and make a fire. Roast potatoes, too, by Jove! All boys love a chance of setting themselves on fire."

"Well, it's more than kind of you," repeated the girl. "I'm sure the boys will like it."

"So shall I," put in Harry.

"I believe you will," she smiled. "I'll not be surprised to hear that you've enjoyed yourself as thoroughly as any of them. And yet you imagine you're a grown-up man! I feel certain you're only a big boy, after all."

"I bear my years lightly," said the irrepressible young man. "Only an observant and sympathetic eye notices the silver streaks in my naturally raven locks. Work and worry, you know, exact their penalties."

"H'm," commented Delia sceptically; "I'm afraid your chief worry is the imminence of work. Well, if you really don't mind, I'll send my small brothers round at three. Good-bye."

"I say! You're not going yet?"

"Oh, yes, I am. There are quite a lot of things to be done by me this morning."

"I thought," he expostulated, "that you would reward me for my meekness by stopping to talk a little longer, and perhaps finding an extra seat on the wall."

"Reward you!" The astonished tone sounded genuine. "For promising to amuse yourself! *Well*——" She disappeared.

"Now that," murmured the outwitted young man, "is what I call a confounded——"

The hat appeared once more.

"If I've a quarter of an hour to spare," said Delia brightly, "I'll run round to bring the boys back. If not, please pack them off at five—or sooner, if you get tired of them. Good-bye."

"Ah!" smiled Harry, gazing rapturously at the unresponsive wall; "that is distinctly better. Things, gentlemen, is looking up. Indians stock at a premium; Delia stock not to be bought. I'll keep those boys till six if necessary—to insure her turning up. I wonder if she really cares at all? By Jove! she is a pretty girl, and no mistake. Simply topping."

He strolled on, murmuring to himself as he refilled a seasoned briar:

"Delia's not an ordinary girl, not an ordinary girl, by any means. That's what makes her so—so attractive and—and jolly. Rotten word, jolly; but those eyes of hers. . . I wonder——"

* * * *

At three o'clock precisely Miss Thorpe's brothers, Reginald, Charles, and Michael—the latter more usually known as the Cherub—presented themselves. Reggie, the eldest, was thirteen; Charlie, eleven; and the Cherub a year younger. Harry welcomed them in the garden. They responded quietly, with an excessive politeness. As yet they did not know how far he was to be trusted not to laugh at them; and there are few things that a boy—and a dog—hates more than being laughed at.

"We ought to have a fine time this afternoon," began the host cheerfully, "if we set about it in the right way. I was thinking of playing Indians down in the wood if you aren't too big to care about it. Will that suit you?"

"Rather!" chorused the trio.

"Good," said Harry. "We'll start like this: I'll go down into the wood and lose

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myself somewhere; then you fellows can come and search for me. I'll be a stray Indian and you can be a tribe. That will do for the beginning. Oh, by the way—we haven't settled what tribe we're going to be."

"Pawnee?" suggested Reg, who was well up in Indian manners and customs. "Sioux? Blackfeet?"

"Blackfeet! That's the very thing—most appropriate name. Then I'm a stray Blackfoot. Ta-ta for the present. Give me about three minutes' law, and then follow."

He disappeared, crouching melodramatically as he walked, and gazing from side to side as if he expected hostile hordes to spring upon him at any minute.

"Rather a decent sort," commented Charlie after an interval of silence. "This looks as if it might be better than the picnic."

"I wonder if there's any grub down there?" queried Reggie, the practical. "If we have that camp Delia talked about this morning we ought to have grub to do the thing in style. If not, we'll have to shoot some sparrows and roast them."

"The last spadger I ate made me sick," said the Cherub. "I don't know that I want any more."

"That was because you didn't cook it properly," observed Charlie; "you only warmed the beast through, and then tried to eat the rawest part."

"I say, do you think the three minutes are finished? We seem to have waited an awful time."

"I should think they must be; anyhow, we'll risk it. Come along!"

Skirting the tennis-lawn, they advanced in orthodox Indian file, imitating Harry's crouch as well as they could. Reggie led the way in the direction of the wood, and it was not long before they had lost themselves in the tangled undergrowth. They talked in gruff whispers, and felt themselves veritable wild men.

"Hist!" said a voice, so suddenly that they all jumped, and the Cherub said: "By Gum!" "Who are ye? Disclose yourselves!"

"Indians of the Blackfoot tribe!" answered Reggie valiantly, grasping the situation. "Who art thee?"

His grammar was not equal to his good intentions, but the result was satisfactory. The long grass parted, and the form of Harry appeared.

"Hail, brothers!" was his greeting, and no smile betrayed that he was acting a part. The boys' hearts warmed to him as to a kindred spirit. "I am a lost member of the Blackfoot tribe. Two long and weary years have I spent in search of my fellow-tribesmen; and now have I found ye at last. It is good. Wah!" (A grunt). "But come! Follow me! I will lead the way to a fair encampment; arms, fuel, and food may be found there. In return for your protection"—Harry was five feet eleven in his socks—"I will furnish you with all. Follow, in silence."

The fellow-tribesmen followed gravely, the silence unbroken save by the Cherub's efforts to imitate the "Wah" of the new member. A few moments' march brought them to the side of a fair-sized pond or lakelet. In the middle was an island, some eight yards square, joined to the mainland by a small bridge.

"I say!" began Charlie, forgetting his Indian speech, "this is ripping!"

"Forward, brothers!" cried Harry. "I'll guard the bridge from foes."

Eagerly the boys rushed across.

They discovered weapons of offence—an air-gun with some slugs, a bow and arrows, and a long stake, sharpened at one end to serve as a spear.

"Take your council-seat, great chiefs," commanded the lost Blackfoot, who seemed thoroughly in his element. His followers obeyed, and seated themselves comfortably on three inverted flower-pots of large size.

"First," resumed Harry, "we must decide on fitting names. Mine shall be Mysticoose,"

"And I," said Reg, "shall be Sitting Bull."

Charlie and the Cherub were suitably accommodated with the names of Thundercloud and Lone Star respectively, and then the tribe fell to the serious business of the day.

"Are we going to have a fire, Mr. Winfield?" asked the Cherub.

"I'll light one and put you on it," said Harry, "if you call me 'Mr.' again. My name's Mysticoose, remember that! Yes, rather, Cherub—beg pardon, brother Lone Star. See—here be sticks—logs—(which I cut with pain and sweat of the brow this morning)—and the paper-that-talks of the Palefaces." He waved aloft a copy of the *Daily Express*. "Let us begin forthwith,"

"Right oh!" observed Sitting Bull colloquially. "Stick in the paper—that's it! Mind, brother Mysticoose! 'Ware matches!"

"Hold thine hand! That is, don't light it

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yet. We want more sticks on first. Hither, O Thundercloud—heap high the fire!"

"May I light it?" asked the Cherub.

"Thou art the youngest, and to thee shall the honour be given. Render up the fire-sticks, chief Sitting Bull."

"I say! Here am—I mean, here be potatoes."

"Fruits of the earth," was the grave correction. "The cassava root, O brothers. These will we thrust into the fire; and when heated throughout will we devour. And now while the fire is burning up, scatter and search for game. Seize your weapons, great chiefs—and for goodness' sake don't pot your brothers with the air-gun, Sitting Bull! I will stay and tend the fire."

The trio recrossed the bridge, and Harry chuckled to himself.

"Jolly little beggars," he murmured. "Glad they enter into the spirit of the thing so well. It would have been a ghastly fiasco if they imagined I was laughing up my sleeve all the time. Let's see—I should think those potatoes might as well go into the fire."

He rose, and poked the "fruits of the earth" well into the heart of the embers. Having piled on more wood, he sat down again and filled his briar.

"The peace-pipe," he muttered with a smile. "Don't know how much of Indian customs I should have remembered if there hadn't been one or two of Fenimore Cooper's masterpieces in the house. Hullo! What's this?"

"This" was the Cherub returning, bearing a gruesome burden.

"Game, O Mysticoose!" he cried triumphantly, as soon as he was in sight; "I found it in the woods far off. Let's cook it!"

"Cherub, you little beast!" said Harry; "chuck it away at once! I'm not going to have any deceased crows on my island. You didn't spear it, I suppose?"

"No, found it lying in the grass."

"Ugh! Probably covered with vermin. Surely you weren't going to eat that!"

"Why not?" asked the anti-vegetarian in disappointed tones. "It's all right, isn't it?"

"Been dead a week, at least. That's it—heave the horror on the bank. Here come Sitting Bull and Thundercloud."

"I say!" shouted Reg from the further bank; "are the potatoes done yet?"

"Not nearly. Are you hungry?"

"No, not very. But I've got an idea."

"Out with it."

"If we're Indians we ought to have a prisoner and try him, you know."

"Not a bad notion, O Sitting Bull. Go and hide in the wood, and we'll capture you."

"I don't mean that. *You* be the prisoner, and we'll look after the capturing."

Harry laughed good-naturedly.

"All right, great chief," he said. "I thought of it, and brought down some rope—or rather clothes-line. I suppose you'll want to tie me up in the approved fashion."

"Rather!"

"Very well, look after the fire, and don't burn yourselves or fall into the pond. I'll hide as before, and you can capture me."

When he had got a start they began to search the wood. They hunted in silence for some time, until at last their prey broke cover, with a very fair imitation of a war-whoop. The attacking party responded in like manner, and pursued the fugitive with zest. Harry knew how to play the game, and ran gently, adapting his pace to theirs. Keeping some twenty yards ahead, he went at a fast trot through the undergrowth, jumping fallen trees that lay in his path—getting covered with brambles and burrs—and, in fact, as he had prophesied, enjoying himself thoroughly.

He was captured at last, and the panting quartette made their way back to the camp. Harry was guarded by Sitting Bull and Thundercloud, while Lone Star brought up the rear, prodding the prisoner at intervals with his spear.

"What will ye do with me, O chiefs?" inquired Harry pathetically. "I am weak, and ye are strong."

"Silence, Mysticoose!" was the stern reply. "Back him up to that tree, Thundercloud—now, chuck the rope here, and twist it round—so!"

"Round his legs?"

"Hands first, Thundercloud—tight! He mustn't slip away; that's the ticket. Now give it two or three turns round the legs."

"Ye are cruel, brothers!" whimpered the captive. "What mean ye by these base bonds? My haughty spirit chafes——"

"'Fraid it must chafe, then," was the only reply vouchsafed by Sitting Bull. "There—that's as firm as a rock; I don't think it's possible for him to get away. And now what shall we do with him? Give your votes, chiefs!"

"Torture?" suggested Thundercloud.

"Torture?" piped Lone Star, with a blood-thirsty leer.

"I give my vote for torture, too," agreed Sitting Bull. "He deserves death, having

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been captured in fair fight; but we'll let him off with torture."

Harry laughed. Sitting Bull's gravity was too much for him.

"A laugh, brothers! The prisoner laughs! Shall we give him a double punishment?"

"Yes!" chimed in the other braves.

"What shall it be! Can any of you chaps propose anything?"

"Pot him with the air-gun?" suggested Thundercloud; and then, for the first time, Harry realised the possibilities of the situation.

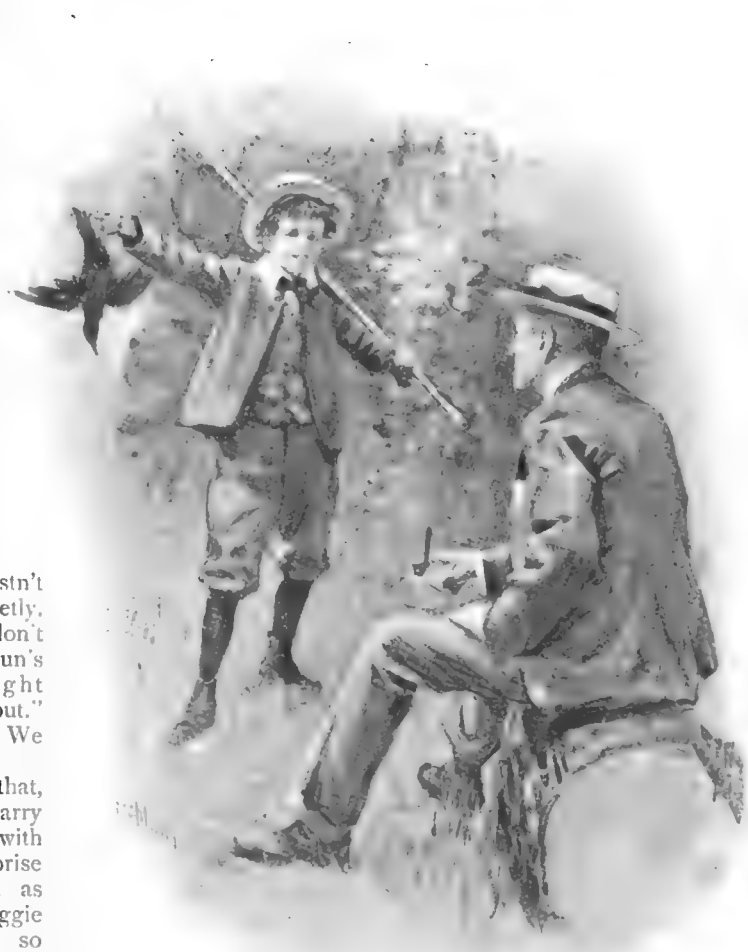
"You fellows mustn't do that," he said quietly. "Anything in reason I don't mind; but the air-gun's dangerous; you might gouge one of my eyes out."

"Silence, prisoner! We give the orders now."

"We'll see about that, young man!" said Harry grimly, and struggled with his bonds. To his surprise—and perhaps alarm as well—he found that Reggie had tied him up so thoroughly that it was impossible to break loose. His captors watched him anxiously.

"Those knots are all right," said Sitting Bull at last, with a deep sigh of relief. "I thought they would hold. But about the torture: the prisoner seems to think the gun might hurt too much. Well, I dare say we can think of something else. We don't want to bag one of his eyes. What we want is some nice, harmless thing to worry him a bit without leaving any marks. Suggest something, Thundercloud. I saw you reading 'Bloodthirsty Bill, the Bright-Eyed Broncho-Buster,' yesterday. There are plenty of tortures in that, aren't there?"

"Heaps," replied Thundercloud thoughtfully. "There was one ripping place where the Indians captured a cowboy and tortured him. I couldn't quite understand all the words though—there was one that beat me all ends up. It said: 'They drew their knives and dis—' something—what was it? 'Dis—dis—' oh, I remember! 'Dis-emboweled!'"



"Surely you weren't going to eat that!"

"Sounds all right," said Sitting Bull. "I wish we could disembowel Mysticoose. I wonder what it does mean."

Harry thanked his stars that no dictionary was at hand.

"Look here!" he said. "You kids untie these ropes at once, or else I'll give you the finest thrashing you've ever had!"

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"We mustn't give in to threats," said Sitting Bull quickly, as he saw Lone Star look uneasy. "We needn't be afraid. All we have got to do is to torture him until he promises not to touch us."

"I shouldn't count on that," said Harry. He reflected on the absurdity of the business. Here was he, absolutely in the power of three young ruffians; no one was within sight or hailing distance; and he could not break loose! Of course, they wouldn't go to extremes, but they might worry him a lot, and think it pure fun. Thank Heaven none of them had suggested tickling, as he was a very susceptible subject.

"Why not smoke him?" remarked the Cherub, who appeared to have forgotten the promised thrashing.

"Cherub, you little rat!" fumed the prisoner; "I'll give you——"

"You mean, build the fire where the smoke blows across?"

"Yes."

"That ought to do the trick. It won't leave any marks and won't hurt him much. Shut up, Mysticoose! It's only part of the game!"

"Game! Look here——"

"Build a fresh fire!" commanded the leader, and his orders were promptly obeyed. Harry watched the preparations for the torture with a fascinated eye; it was not till the wind blew the first puffs of smoke full in his face that he realised it might be serious. Then at last he shouted for help.

"No good yelling, Mysticoose," observed Sitting Bull. "Be a sportsman. Indians never yell. We'll cut you loose presently."

"You cut me loose at once!" commanded Harry, putting as much energy and decision into his voice as circumstances—and smoke—permitted. "Don't you see (cough), you little brutes (cough), that you're carrying (cough) the joke too far?"

"He's only pulling our legs, wily old bird," said Sitting Bull appreciatively. "That imitation cough of his is quite like the real article. Keep it up, Mysticoose! Let's hear you bark again! Just once!"

"Yes—just one more bark!" petitioned Lone Star, stoking vigorously the while. "Perhaps another stick or two might help you on. Here, Cherub, come and help me."

The wind blew strongly, and in less than two minutes the unfortunate prisoner was in a very disagreeable predicament. Threats and appeals were lost in the air. The three chiefs mocked him, and danced a war-dance round the tree. To do the boys bare justice, they had no idea that anything serious could happen. They had no personal animus against the captive; it was all part of the game; it was fun to them, and they did not see it was something like death to the hapless Harry. When he shouted, they laughed, honestly believing that he was entering into the spirit of the joke. Finally, when unconscious his head fell forward on his chest, they cheered what they thought was a capital piece of sham. What might have proved a very ugly tragedy was averted by the appearance of Delia Thorpe on the bank.

"Hullo, Reggie," she said, not taking in the scene at first, "having a good time?"

"Rather!" said Reg triumphantly. "Look at our prisoner; we're torturing him!"

Miss Thorpe looked more carefully, and then she grasped the situation. With a slight, choking cry she flew across the bridge. Reg met her with the words: "Isn't it ripping?" and then was changed into the most astonished chief alive. For Delia, cold with fear and anger, smote him heavily across the cheek. He tumbled backwards into the lake, but she took no heed.

"Knife, Charlie—quick!" she said.

With the quick vengeance on Sitting Bull before his eyes, Charlie was swift to obey. Delia cut the cords and dragged the half-conscious form beyond the zone of smoke.

"Oh, you wicked boys!" she sobbed, "what have you done? Run for a doctor—quick!"

Reggie, who had swum to the further shore, and was now caressing his tingling cheek in dire alarm, set off at the double. His brothers, spurred by further orders, ran towards the house for help and stimulants, while Delia dashed water in Harry's face and chafed his hands.

"Harry!" she cried in her distress, "Harry! You're not dead? Say you're not dead! Oh, don't die! I can't bear it!"

Mr. Winfield's eyes unclosed, and a slight smile crossed his regular features. He struggled into a sitting posture.

"I'm—I'm all right," he said weakly. "Don't worry, dear."

And then Delia was foolish enough to faint.

The rest of the story is absurdly old-fashioned, and you may guess it for yourselves. I may say, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Winfield still like to remember their romantic betrothal in the backwoods, or, to be correct, on the island, after Harry's thrilling experience with the Blackfeet.

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**Harry watched the preparations for the torture with a fascinated eye.**

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# CAP AND BELLS

### HE HAD HIS REVENGE.

EMPLOYER (turning over leaves of ledger, to clerk): "John, you are very careless; see how this writing is blotted."

JOHN (nervously): "That—that was a fly, sir; it walked across the page, and——"

EMPLOYER (turning over another page): "But what is this blot—surely a fly couldn't do that?"

JOHN: "That is the fly, sir; I killed it."

* * * * *

### SOMETHING OF A FEAT.

MILLIONAIRE (showing his library to distinguished novelist): "See them books?"

DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST: "Yes."

MILLIONAIRE: "All bound in calf, ain't they?"

DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST: "So they are."

MILLIONAIRE (proudly): "Well, sir, I killed all them calves myself."

* * * * *

### A REVISED VERSION.

FITZ: "What does R.S.V.P. stand for?"

MAC: "Well, to judge by the conduct of some Society people, I should say it means 'Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Proceed home'!"

* * * * *

### DELICATELY PUT.

"Do you think these carnations are becoming to me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but there are other flowers which I would rather see you wear."

"Pray tell me what they are," she said, always anxious to please, "and I will wear them for you."

"Orange blossoms," he said. So now all is settled.

### IN SELF-DEFENCE.

MUSIC SELLER: "Here is that book, ma'am, 'How to Play the Piano.'"

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "What book? I didn't order any book."

MUSIC SELLER: "No, ma'am; but the neighbours did, and they told me to bring it to you."

* * * *

### A GOOD IDEA.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end, and how it will begin."

* * * *

### WHY IT WOULDN'T COOK.

At a gas cookery exhibition an old farmer entered, who, having listened to the merits of gas cooking stoves, ordered and paid for a cooker, which was duly sent to his home. About three months after, the said farmer called on the manager, complaining that the gas cooker was a fraud, and that he had tried everything, and nothing would cook in the "bloomin'" thing. The manager asked if anything were wrong with his gas to which he replied:

"Gas! What's gas?"

### ALMOST.

*"I bought a new clock the other day," observed Beliggers, "and had it set up in the hall. That very evening my wife and I went for a short walk and when we returned we found the clock ——"*

*"Gone?" interjects the finish-other-people's-remarks person.*

*"Not quite," explains Beliggers. "But we found it going."*

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*Supplying a long-felt want.*

### WILLING TO OBLIGE.

"Johnny," said the pretty teacher, "what's a kiss?"

"I can't exactly put it in words," returned the boy, "but if yer really wanter know, I can show yer."

* * *

### BETTER THAN NOTHING.

SHE: "It is no use, I wouldn't marry the handsomest man alive."

HE: "Well, anyhow, you will henceforth have the satisfaction of knowing that he has asked you to."

* * *

### DUBIOUS.

UNCLE GEORGE: "Don't you think it would be wise for you to put by something for a rainy day, Henry?"

HENRY: "I don't know. I always notice, Uncle George, that it is the pleasant days upon which a man usually spends the most money."

* * * * *

### UNPARALLELED GENEROSITY.

TOWN COUNCILLOR: "Have you heard, Mr. Skinflint, that our generous townsman, Mr. Muller, is defraying the cost of a new promenade all round the town? We think a wealthy man like yourself might also do something for us."

SKINFLINT: "Well, what do you say to my giving you a park of oak trees?"

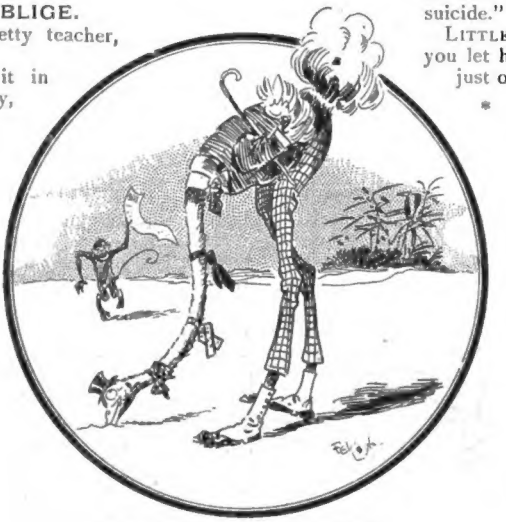
TOWN COUNCILLOR: "Oh, you noble-hearted philanthropist. Why, do you really mean to——"

SKINFLINT: "Yes, yes. I'll make the town a present of an oak forest. You have only to find the land, and I will supply you with as many acorns as you may want for seed."

* * * * *

### STRANGE BUT TRUE.

The work of a carriage wheel never begins until it's tired.



### AN EXPENSIVE NECK.

***Ostrich (hurriedly hiding his head in the sand): "Too bad! There's my haberdasher with his beastly bill for neckties!"***

### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

HE: "Do you know, darling, that I think it makes me a better man every time I kiss you?"

SHE: "Well, at the pace you are going now there will soon be no more room for improvement."

* * * * *

### A QUEER PRESCRIPTION.

"To clean the teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil, following it with plenty of lamp oil."

This would seem to be queer advice; but as it is taken from a machinists' magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith.

* * * * *

### A SUGGESTION.

MISS FUZZLE: "I want to break my engagement with Mr. Sapple, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide."

LITTLE BROTHER: "Why don't you let him see you in curl-papers just once?"

* * * *

### THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.

BLINKS: "Just heard of the stingiest man in town—makes his whole family use the same porous plaster."

JINKS: "That's nothing. Squeezem, across the way, has taught his girls to write a small hand to save ink."

* * *

### NO NECESSITY.

HE (who has known her three days only): "May I call you Edith?"

SHE: "I don't see why, my parents thought Emily was quite good enough."

***"Yes," said the reporter, "I always carry copy in my hat."***

***"I see," replied Fogg, "news in a nutshell."***

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### IT SUITED HIM.

IRATE PA: "Did you tell that young man who calls on you every other night that I am going to have the gas turned off promptly at ten p.m.?"

DAUGHTER: "Yes, papa."

IRATE PA: "And what did he say to that?"

DAUGHTER: "He said he would consider it a personal favour if you would have it turned off at eight-thirty."

* * * * *

### TOO MUCH.

YOUNG TUTTER: "Miss Clara, suppose that to-morrow evening I should call again, and having nerved myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you, what would you do?"

MISS PINKERLY: "Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead."

* * * * *

### GRATITUDE.

"It is very kind of you, madam," said the tramp, "to give me such a grand dinner."

"Don't mention it, my poor man," said the kind-hearted lady.

"But I will repay you," said the tramp gratefully. "I'll tell all my pals that you are a flinty-hearted termagant that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so's they'll give your house the go-by, and won't never bother you."

### A FETCHING COMPLIMENT.

"Do not anger me," she said.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

He looked down at her dainty shoes.

"Impossible," he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them."

That fetched her.

* * * * *

### A CONCRETE EXAMPLE.

"Thomas," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "can you give a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions?"

"Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker. "My aunt gained a hundred pounds in flesh in less'n a year, an' her skin didn't crack a bit."

* * * * *

### THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

"Henry asked me to be his wife last night," she told her chum.

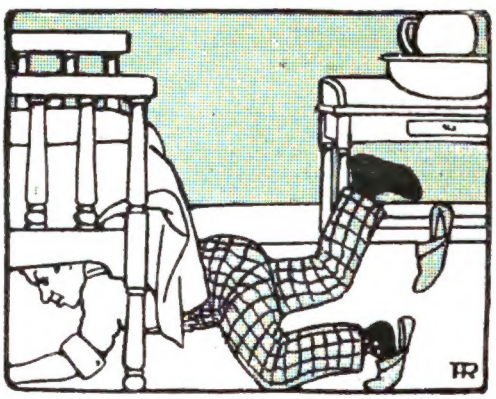
"Oh, I'm so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?"

"Well, he just asked me, and I said 'Yes,' and then he stood up and folded his arms."

"What! He was not more interested than that?"

"Oh, but you see I was in them when he folded them."

## LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.



**I.**

**I looked beneath the table,**
**I hunted on each chair,**
**I rummaged in the wardrobe,**
**But, no! It wasn't there!**

**II.**

**I fumbled on the washstand,**
**And broke a glass carafe,**
**Which caught the soap dish as it fell,**
**And smashed the thing in half.**

**III.**

**I knelt upon the carpet,**
**And then said something more,**
**All owing to a carpet tack**
**Point upwards on the floor.**

**IV.**

**The chest of drawers I emptied.**
**Great Scott! The mess I made.**
**I turned out all my pockets; they**
**Were empty, I'm afraid.**

**V.**

**At last upon the mantelpiece**
**The wretched thing I saw.**
***Of course, it was my collar stud***
**That I was hunting for!**

**Reginald Rigby.**

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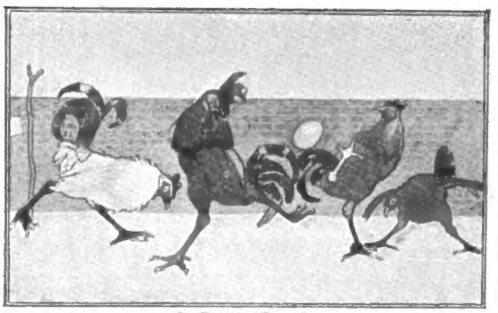
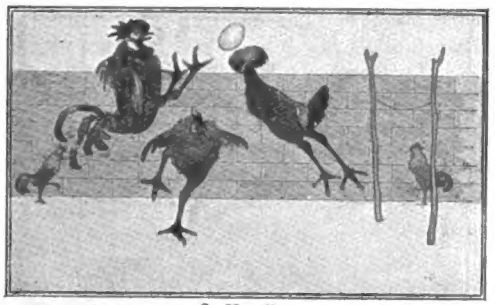
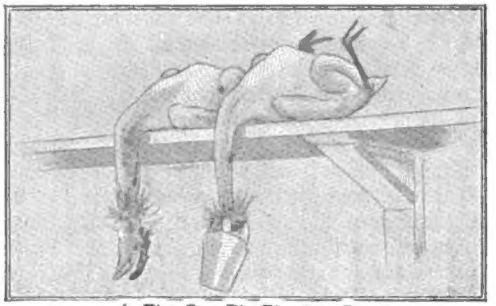
*1. The Challenge.*



*3. Pretty Passing.*



*2. Heading.*



*4. The Cup Tie Final—a Draw.*

### THAT WAS ALL.

EFFIE: "Jack and I fished for four hours yesterday."

ELSIE: "Catch anything?"

EFFIE (coyly): "Only Jack."

* * * * *

### NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

HE: "Darling, am I the first man you were ever engaged to?"

SHE (indignantly): "Sir! Do you think that I could live for twenty-six years where there were other men about without having a chance till you came along?"

* * *

### A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

JUDGE: "We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions."

PRISONER: "In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down."

* * *

### A DESIRABLE PROCEEDING.

MISTRESS (severely): "If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant."

NORAH: "I wish yer would. There's quite enough work for two of us."

*Wriglet Minor (soliloquising): "Old Suggins is always telling me that I have no aptitude for assimilating 'our glorious island history,' but I'm strong on dates, anyhow!"*

### AN EXPERIENCED VIEW.

BRIDE (prettily): "I wonder why they call a wife's allowance pin money?"

MATRON (savagely): "Because money to buy enough pins to hold her old clothes together is about all the average man thinks a woman needs."

* * * * *

### FOR HER OWN PROTECTION.

"Yes, madam," said the salesman, "this is the most exquisite dinner-service we ever handled. The price is somewhat heavy, £30."

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Richley, "if you'll agree to mark it 'Imitation. Price, only five guineas.'"

"Of course, but—er—that's rather an odd request."

"Yes, but I want to deceive the servant somehow."

* * *

### HARD LINES.

It is said that at least four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year; and yet, when a man goes home with a damaged hat, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe him!

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# MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

*A Few Words about the F. A. F. and Other Matters.*

### "ERIC'S HAY PARTY."

THERE is one item in the present number which I want all of you to read thoughtfully. It is not a fine literary effort; it is a very crude little story. How, indeed, should it be otherwise when the author is only a little boy of seven? I allude to "Eric's Hay Party," on page 266. I wish you particularly to consider the few introductory remarks at the beginning of the tale. And when you send in your contribution to the Fresh Air Fund just mention that it was the perusal of "Eric's Hay Party" that influenced you to do so. I should like to be able to tell my little contributor that his story has done a power of good.

### CHILD PHILANTHROPISTS.

I remember when I was a youngster being asked to collect money for some foreign mission. A little tin money-box—it was shaped like a drum for some unexplained reason—was given me, and my task consisted of going round to my friends and relations and cajoling them to drop pennies into it. I really enjoyed what would nowadays be rather an irksome duty. But my enjoyment had nothing devotional or philanthropic about it. I did not understand the worthiness of the cause in aid of which I was collecting pennies. How can you expect an infant of six or seven to appreciate the value of foreign missions?

But had I been collecting for the Fresh Air Fund (in those far-off days of my youth it was as yet undreamt of!) imagine the energy I should have displayed! Here was a philanthropic scheme I could have understood and sympathised with. A child collecting money so that other children should have a good time! My friends and relatives would not have had a moment's peace until the money-box had been crammed to its utmost capacity.

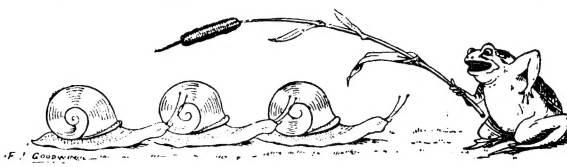
Just you set your youngsters collecting for the Fresh Air Fund and you will soon find out that I was not an exceptionally philanthropic child.

### THE MODEST AUTHOR.

There is a certain class of would-be contributor who invariably accompanies a contribution with a remark that he or she (it is generally "she"—are not all ladies modest?) thinks very poorly of his or her literary abilities. A short while ago I told you of a case in point. The lady contributor strongly advised me not to read her MSS., as "they are so very bad." Well, they were. And queerly enough these modest contributors are generally only too accurate in their self-criticisms.

But exceptions prove the rule. A short while ago I received a poem with the following note: "Dear Sir,—If you read through the inclosed and are still alive, you deserve to have a special article all to yourself in the series, 'Survivors' Tales.'"

Well, not only did I read the poem; I accepted it and mean to publish it. I am still alive. But the modest author warns me that I should have considered my readers. Perhaps I was thoughtless. However, this I promise: if the poem does kill anyone, I will do my best for the widow and orphans.



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